

STARRING DR. TOM ROGERS, PRISON PSYCHIATRIST

# THE CRIME CLINIC

ANC

No. 11  
SEPT.-OCT.

10c



The Strange Case Of  
The  
**DUMMY KILLER**



**Crooks Are No Heroes**  
**BIG BROTHER'S**  
**HEARTBREAK**

**A Dr. Rogers' Story**  
**MURDERER'S**  
**NIGHTMARE**



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# IT'S A CRIME !

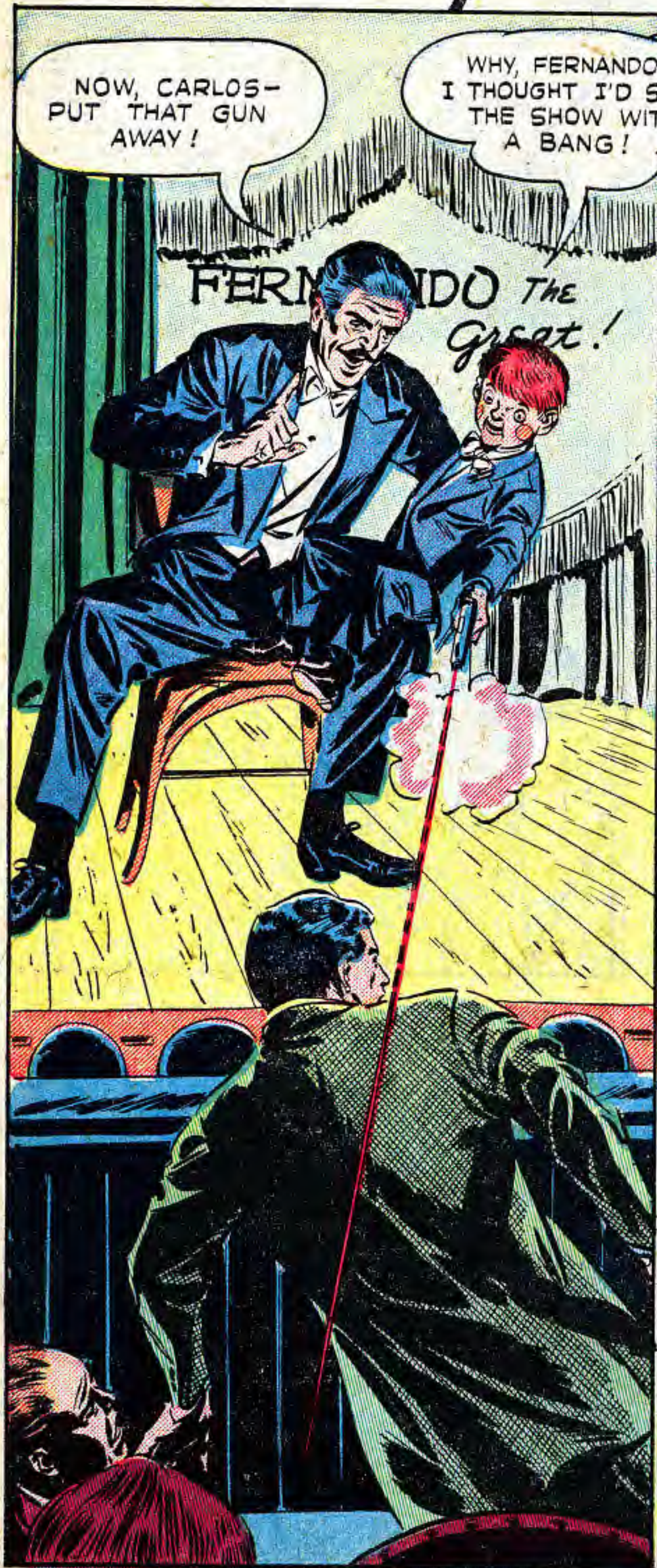


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# THE CRIME CLINIC

Starring DR. TOM ROGERS



NOW, CARLOS—  
PUT THAT GUN  
AWAY!

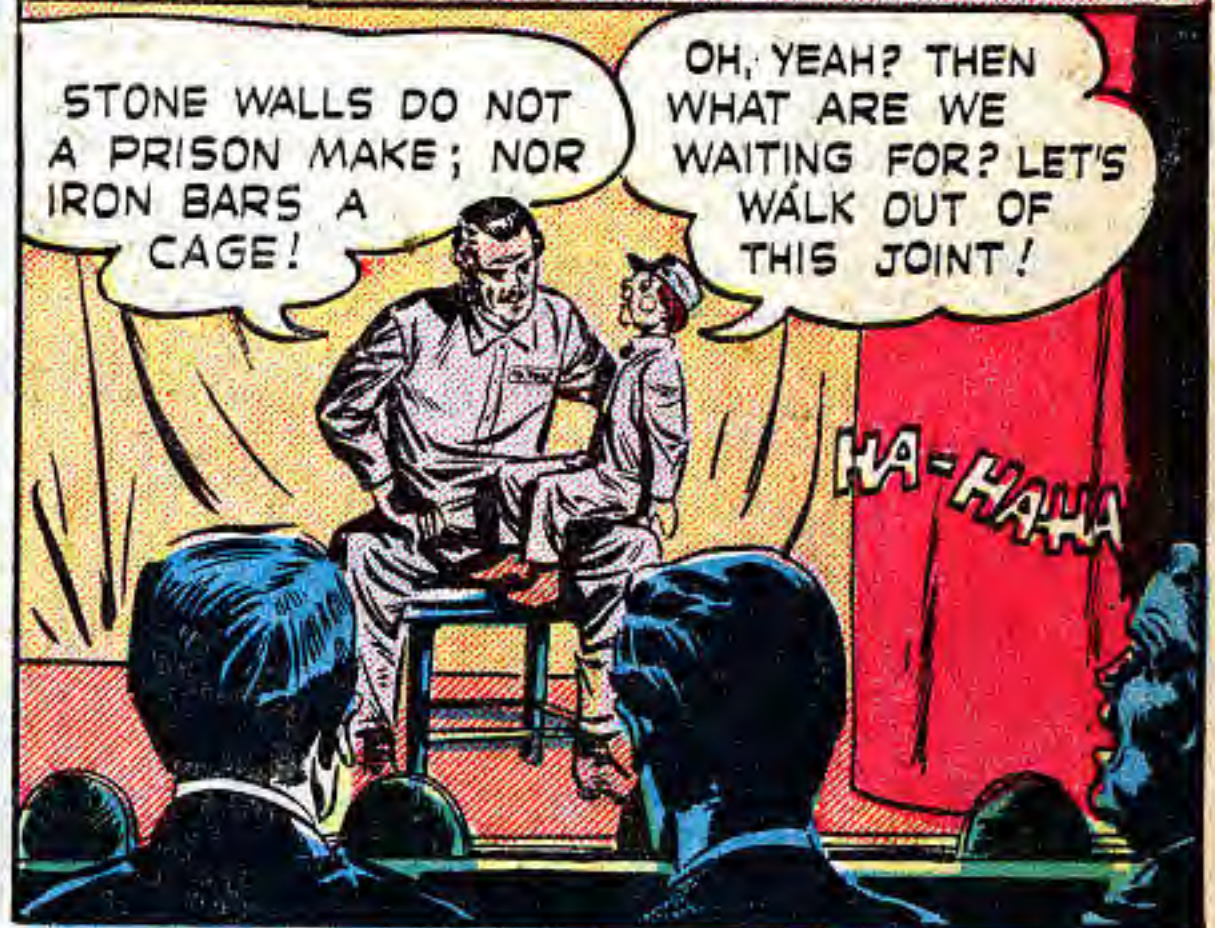
WHY, FERNANDO,  
I THOUGHT I'D START  
THE SHOW WITH  
A BANG!

FERNANDO The  
Great!

**T**WO WERE DEAD, AND MORE WERE MARKED FOR DEATH! WHAT WAS THE SILENT MENACE LURKING BACK-STAGE AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE? WAS FERNANDO THE GREAT A GHOUL OR A SAINT? IN THIS STRANGEST CASE OF MY CAREER, I WENT GUNNING FOR THE ANSWERS, MATCHING WITS WITH **"THE DUMMY KILLER!"**



"ONE EVENING, WARDEN SIMMS INVITED ME TO ATTEND A STAGE SHOW PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF STATE PRISON."



STONE WALLS DO NOT  
A PRISON MAKE; NOR  
IRON BARS A  
CAGE!

OH, YEAH? THEN  
WHAT ARE WE  
WAITING FOR? LET'S  
WALK OUT OF  
THIS JOINT!

HA-HAHA

"AFTER THE SHOW I ACCOMPANIED WARDEN SIMMS TO HIS OFFICE."



I'VE NEVER SEEN THE  
INMATES SO CHEERFUL.  
FERNANDO WAS MARVELOUS  
TONIGHT. IT'S HARD TO  
BELIEVE HE'S ACTUALLY A  
MURDERER!

WELL, HE IS!  
HE HAD A FAIR  
TRIAL AND HE  
WAS  
CONVICTED!



FERNANDO STILL SAYS HE DIDN'T DO IT. HE INSISTS HIS **DUMMY** COMMITTED THE MURDER!

**WHAT?**

THAT'S WHAT HE SAYS! THEY GAVE FERNANDO A COMPLETE MENTAL EXAMINATION, AND THE DOCTORS SAID HE WAS SANE.

THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE, WARDEN! Hmm...IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO TALK TO FERNANDO.



"THE MERE MENTION OF HIS CRIME WAS ENOUGH TO SEND FERNANDO INTO A TANTRUM."

GOOD EVENING, FERNANDO, I'M DOCTOR ROGERS, THE PRISON PSYCHIATRIST. I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT YOUR CASE.

THERE'S NOTHING TO TALK ABOUT! THE DUMMY DID IT! **THE DUMMY DID IT!**

**"LATER..."**

DO YOU WANT TO TELL ME WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED, FERNANDO?

I'VE TOLD THEM OVER AND OVER, IN COURT AND OUT. BUT NOBODY BELIEVES ME. WE WERE PLAYING AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE IN EVARTSVILLE. IT ALL STARTED WHEN CARLOS, MY DUMMY, AN I---

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"WE WERE READY TO GO ON STAGE, WHEN..."

CARLOS - WAS SITTING IN THAT CHAIR. SOMEBODY'S TAKEN HIM!

NO 3

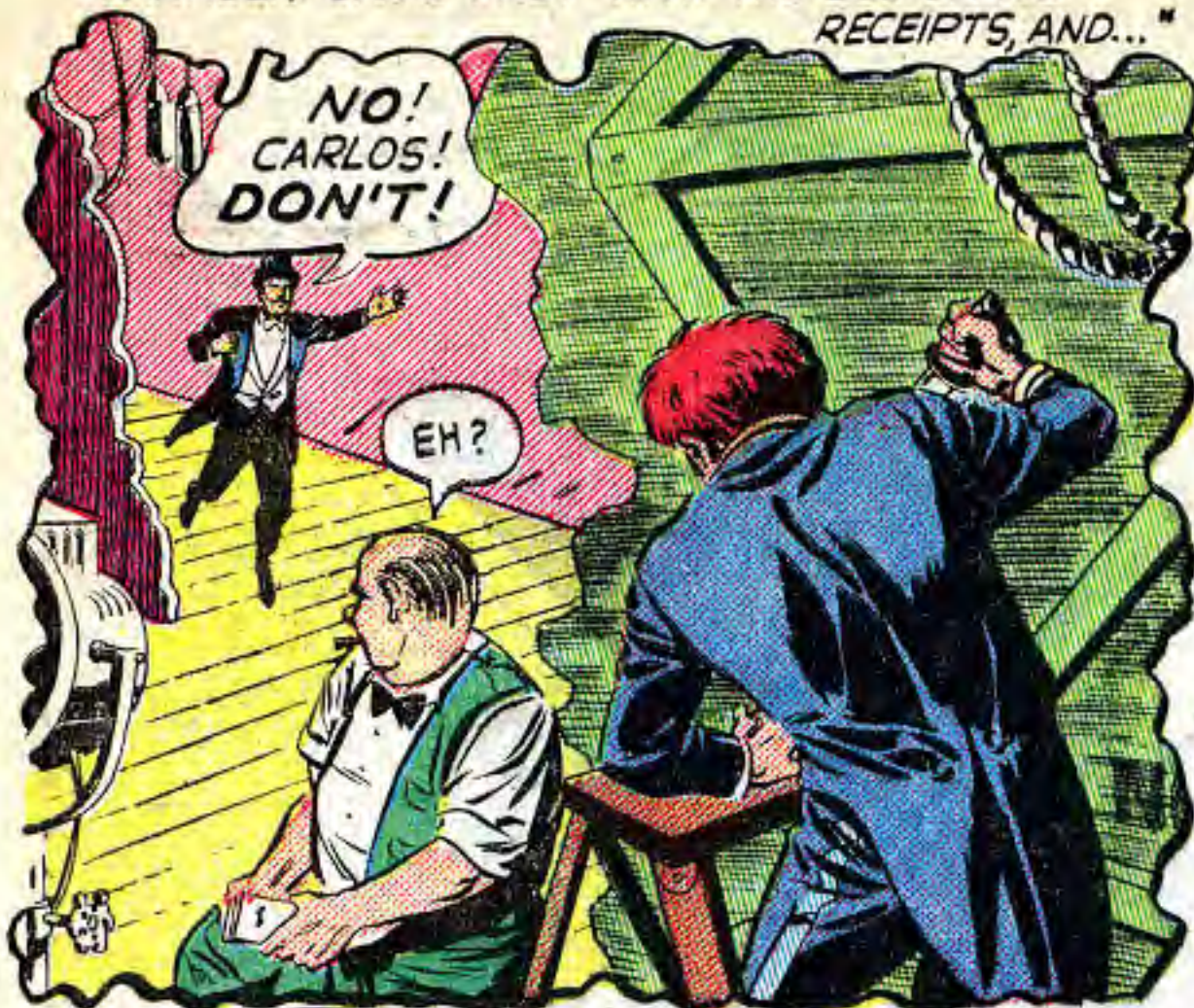
**FERNANDO** AND **CARLOS THE D**

"AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS A PRACTICAL JOKE AND I BEGAN TO LOOK FOR HIM. THEN TO MY HORROR I SAW..."

**CARLOS!** HE'S GOT A KNIFE! IT LOOKS LIKE MY KNIFE, FROM MY TRUNK!



"BEFORE I COULD REACH CARLOS, THE THEATRE MANAGER CAME PAST WITH THE BOX-OFFICE RECEIPTS, AND..."



"CARLOS KILLED HIM, AND RAN OFF WITH THE MONEY!"



MISSED HIM! HE MUST HAVE PLANNED THIS!

WHAT AM I TALKING ABOUT? HOW COULD A DUMMY PLAN ANYTHING?



"THE DUMMY DROPPED OFF THE ROPE AND DISAPPEARED INTO THE BACKSTAGE SHADOWS. I PURSUED HIM. FINALLY..."

CARLOS! SITTING IN HIS CHAIR AS IF HE'D NEVER LEFT IT!

SOMEONE GET THE COPS — THE MANAGER HAS JUST BEEN MURDERED!



THAT'S MY STORY, AND YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, DO YOU, DOCTOR? NOBODY BELIEVES ME BECAUSE IT WAS MY KNIFE — AND THEY FOUND THE MONEY BAG IN MY DRESSING ROOM! BUT I DIDN'T DO IT. THE DUMMY DID IT. I SAW HIM!



"AFTER HEARING FERNANDO'S STORY I RETURNED TO THE WARDEN'S OFFICE."

WELL, DOC, DID YOU CONVINCE FERNANDO HE CAN'T GET OUT OF PRISON BY FAKING INSANITY?

HOLD IT, WARDEN! GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!



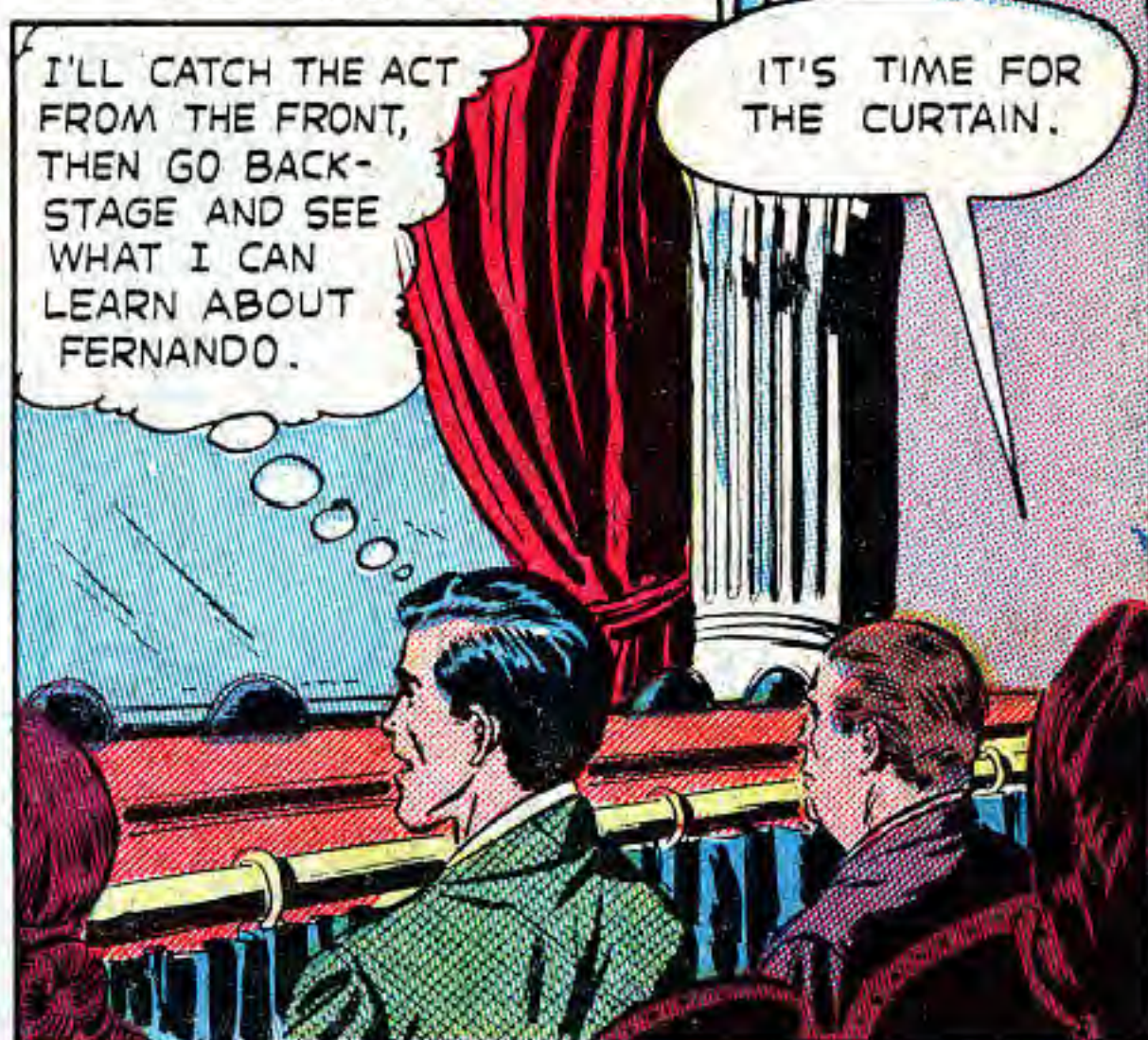
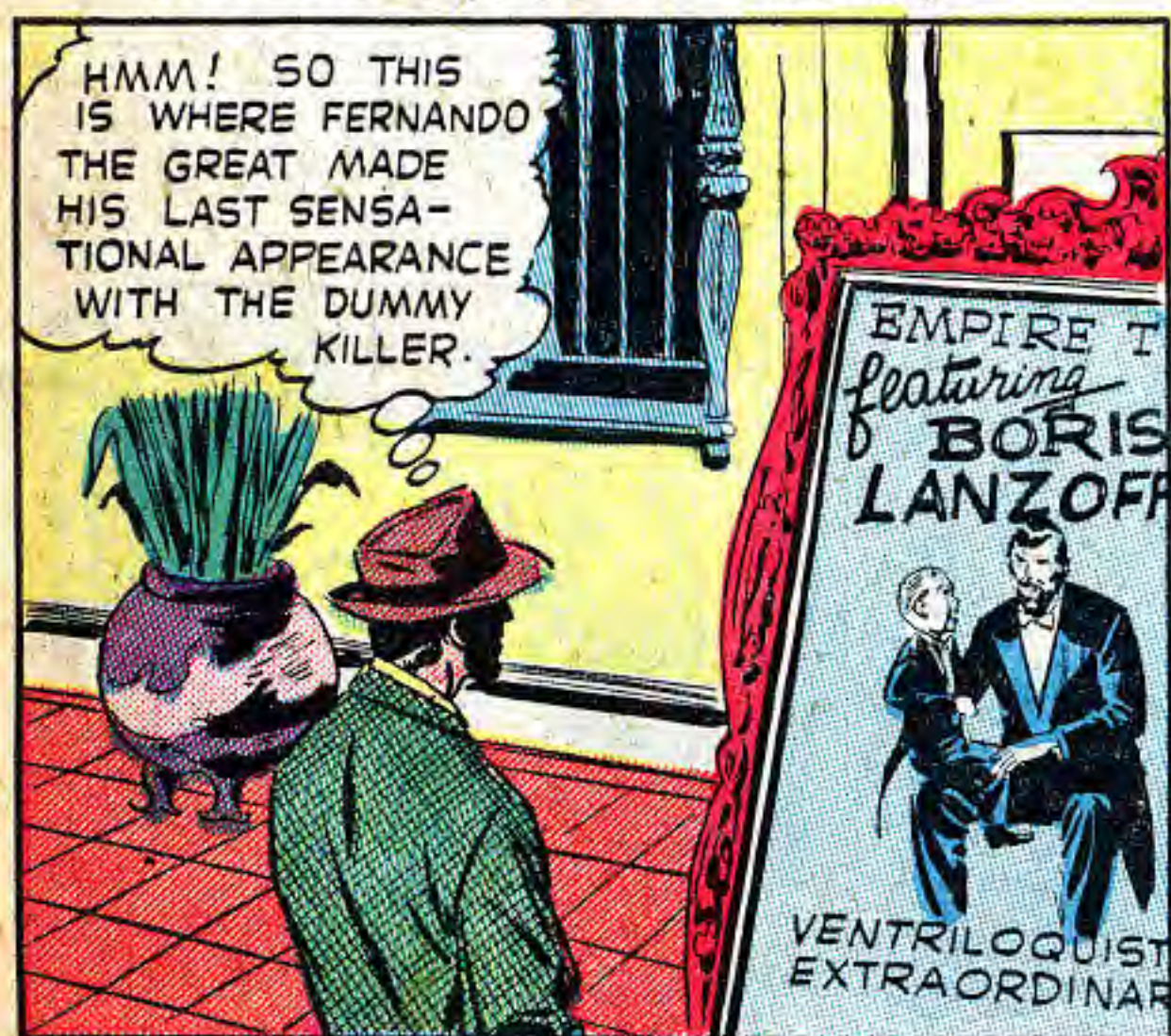




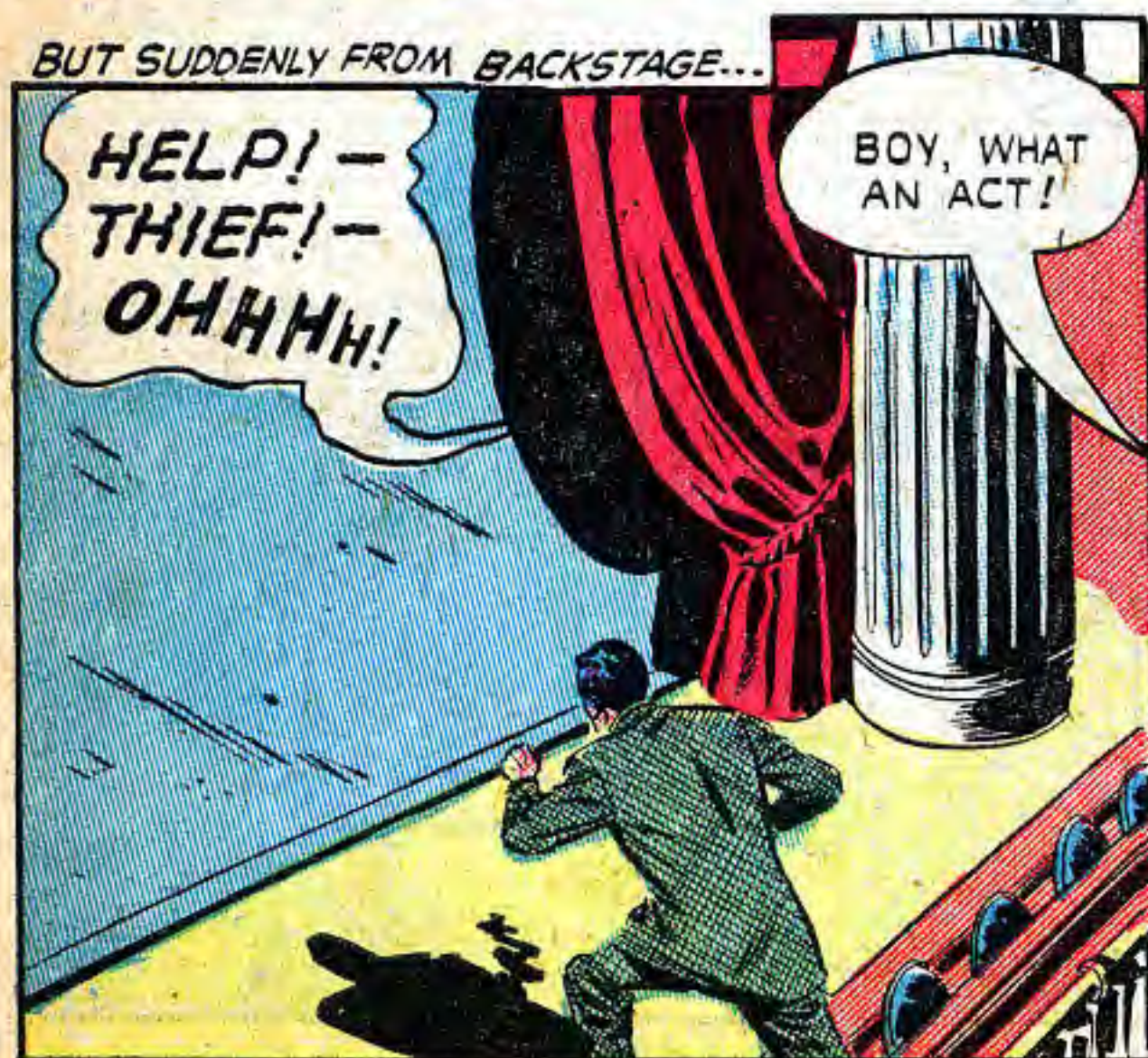
"AND ON MAY 13TH, WHICH, INCIDENTLY, TURNED OUT TO BE ON A FRIDAY..."



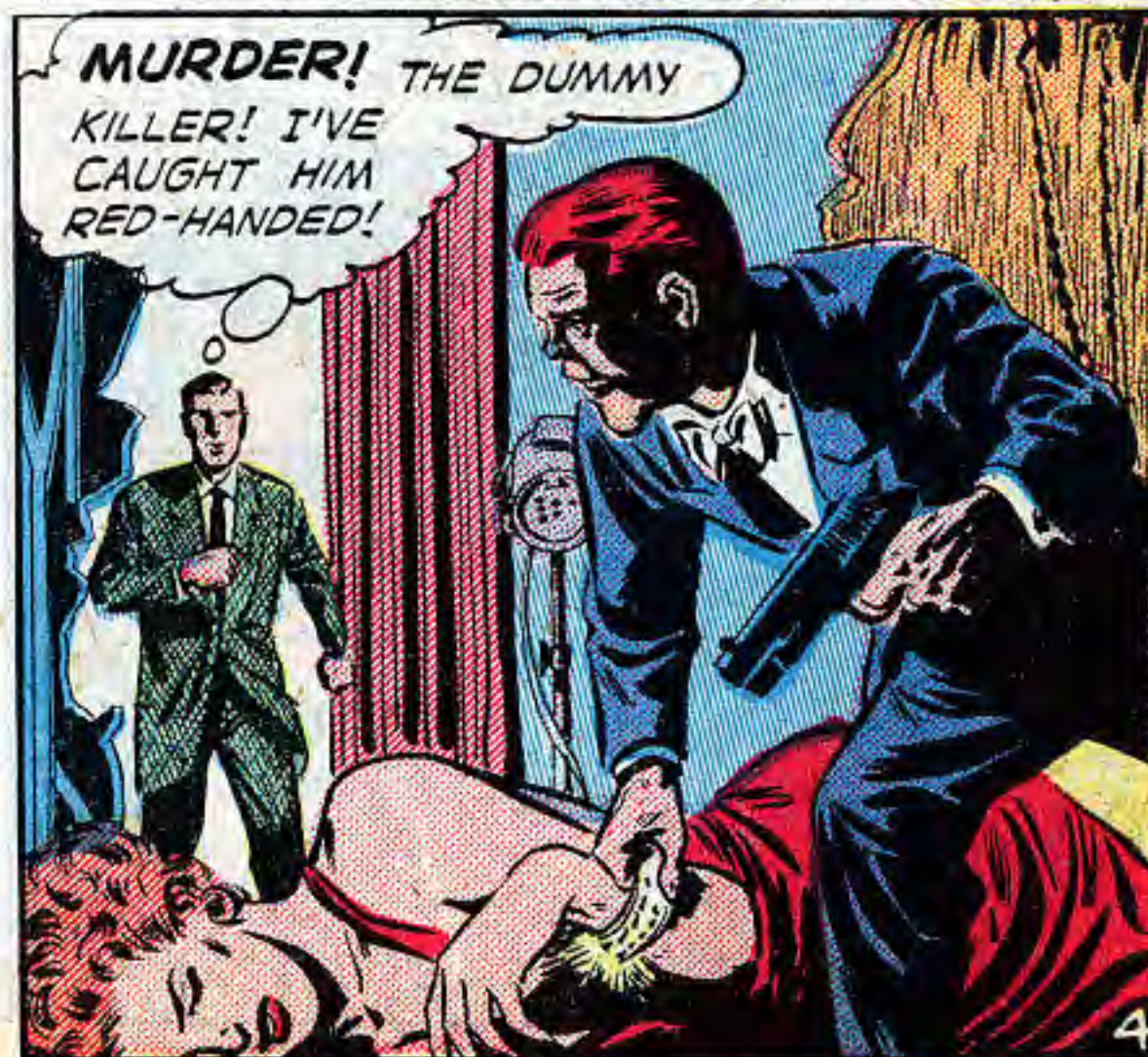
"TEN MINUTES LATER..."



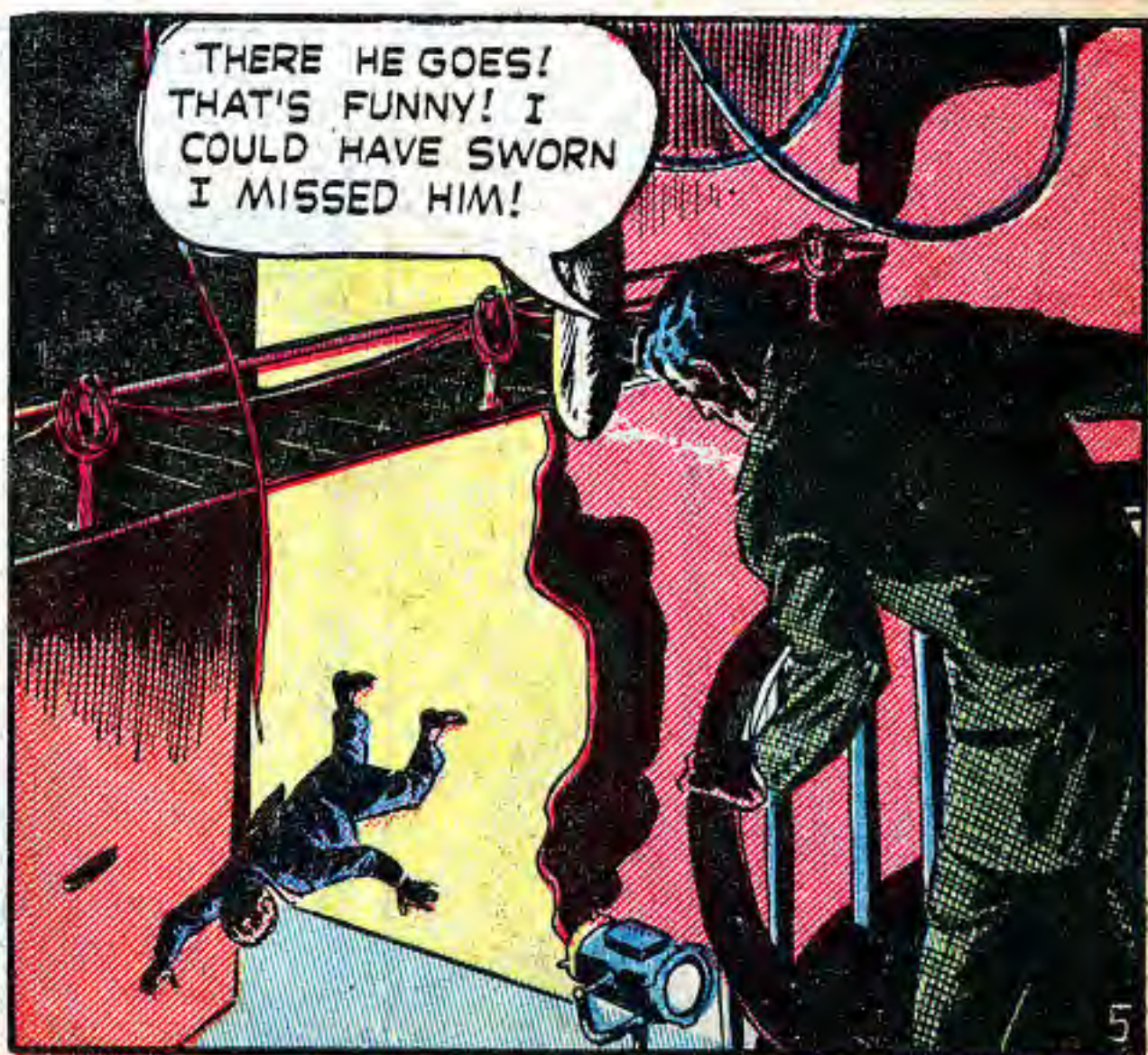
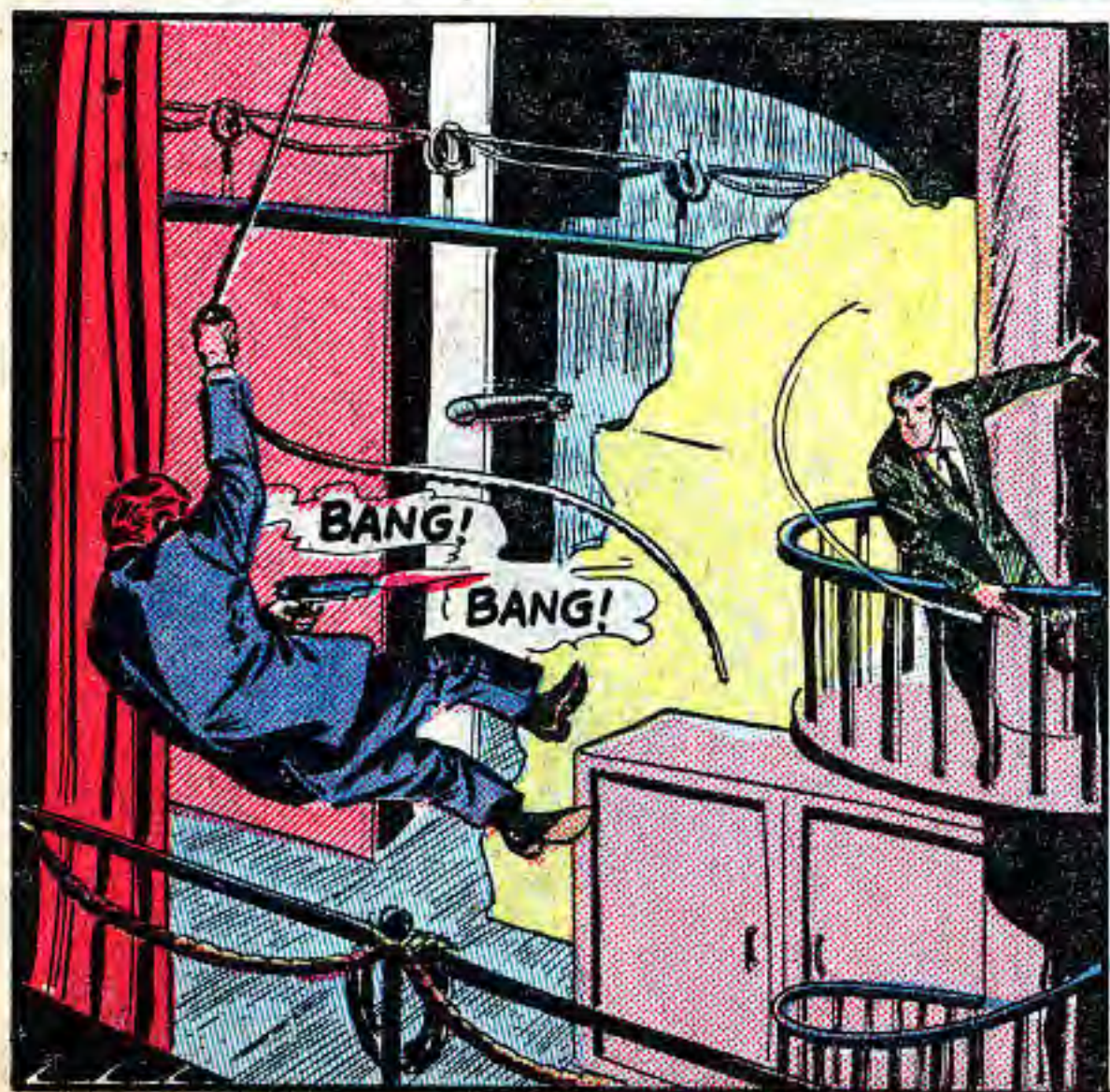
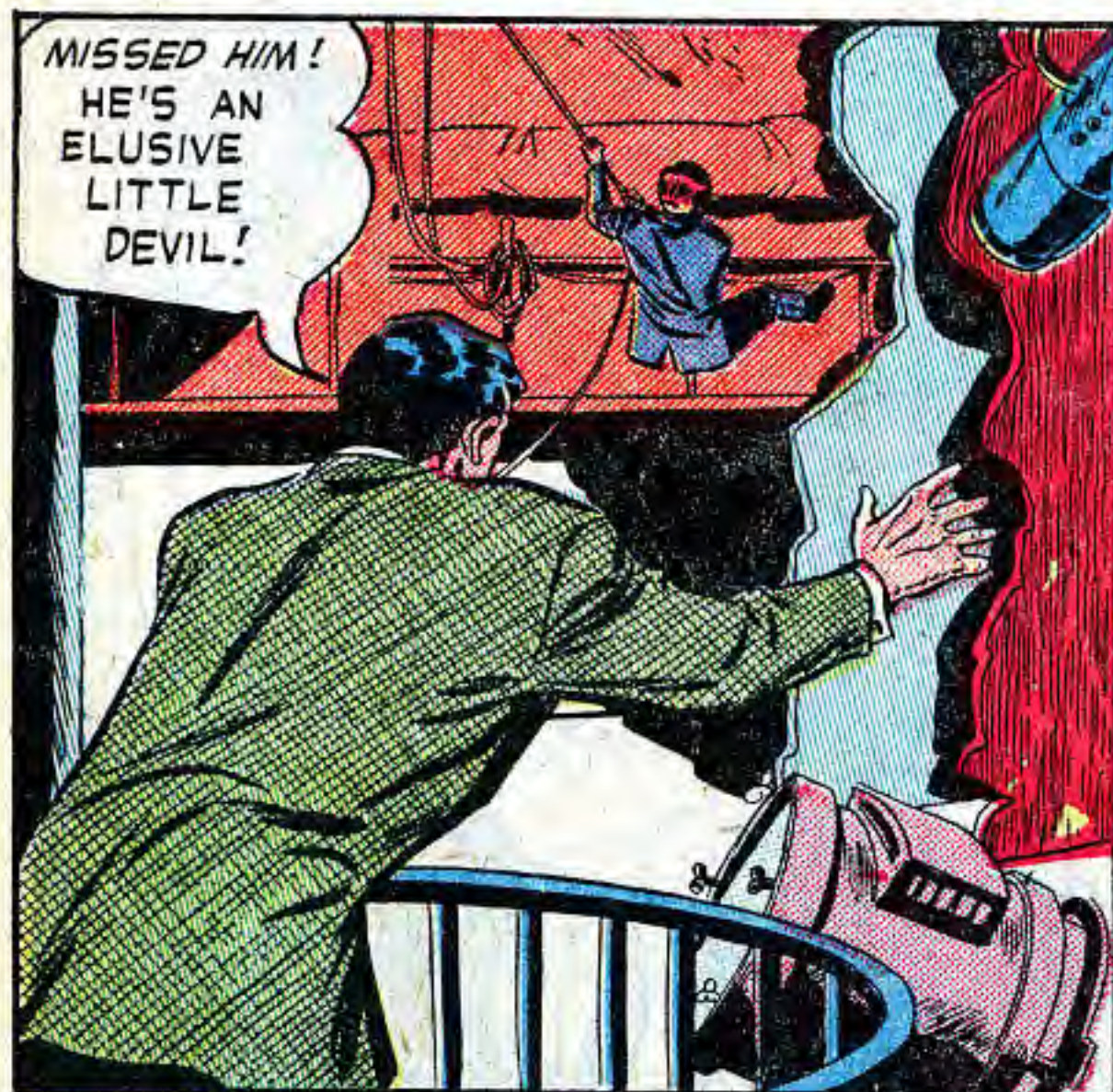
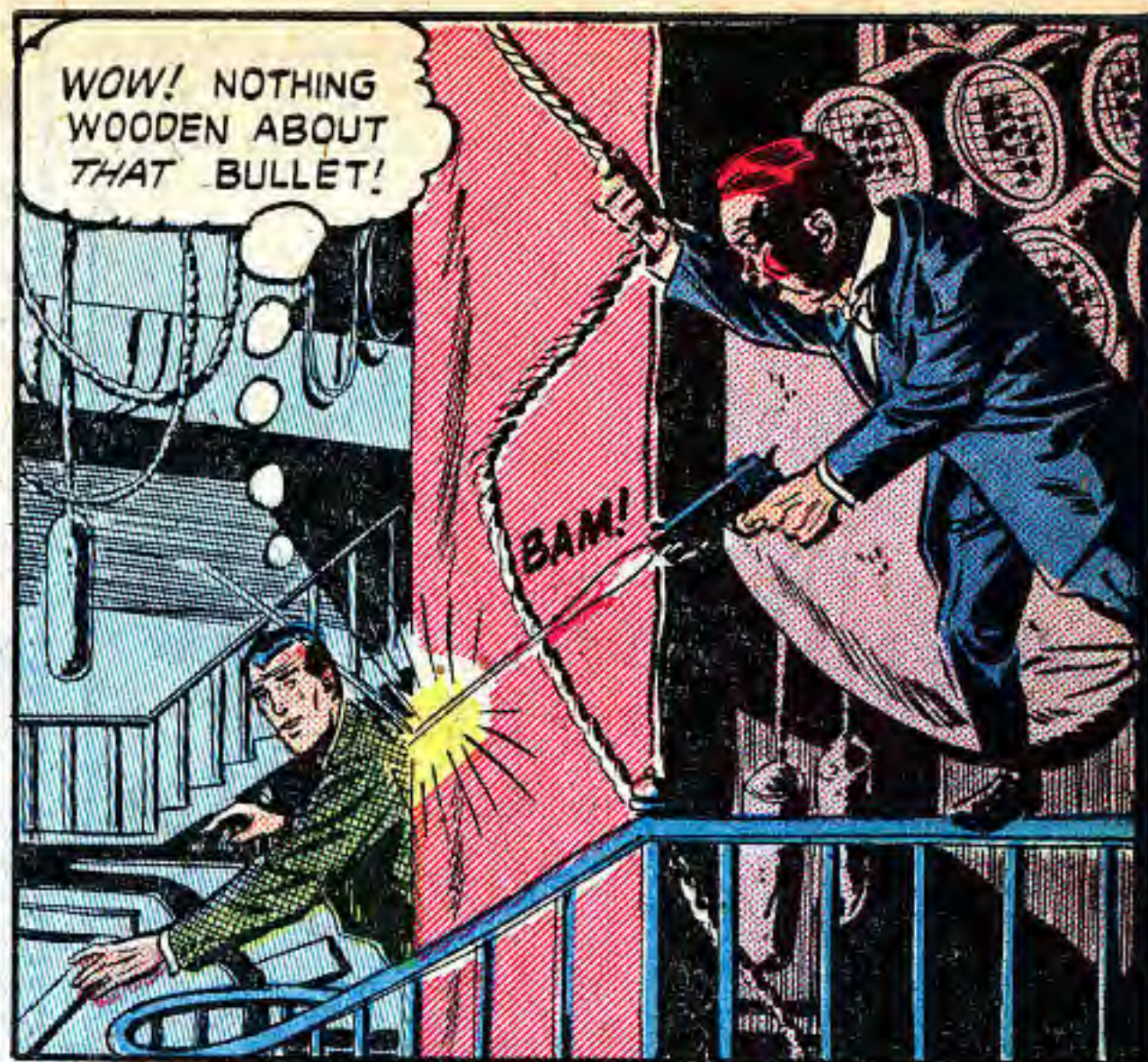
BUT SUDDENLY FROM BACKSTAGE...



"BUT THIS WASN'T AN ACT. IT WAS..."











"BY THE TIME I WORKED MY WAY DOWN, THE POLICE WERE THERE, AND..."

A DUMMY KILLER?  
ARE YOU KIDDIN'?  
YOU KNOCKED HIM  
OFF A ROPE WITH  
A SASHWEIGHT?  
WHERE IS  
HE NOW?

I DON'T  
KNOW. HE  
DISAPPEARED!



SO DID THE DIAMOND  
BRACELET! THE  
MURDERED DAME WAS  
SUE CALDWELL, THE SINGING  
SHOWGIRL. THE MORNING  
PAPERS WILL BE SCREAM-  
ING THE STORY.

COME HERE,  
EVERYBODY!



LOOK! MY DUMMY!  
WITH A CRACK IN  
HIS WOODEN HEAD!

LOOKS LIKE THAT  
HOLE WAS MADE BY  
A HEAVY METAL  
OBJECT— COULD  
HAVE BEEN A  
SASHWEIGHT!



NO MACHINERY IN IT. NO  
MECHANISM. JUST AN  
ORDINARY VENTRILOQUIST'S  
DUMMY. HA-HA, YOU  
MUST BE HAVING PIPE  
DREAMS, DOC!



"MY OWN  
EXAMIN-  
ATION OF  
THE DUMMY  
GAVE ME A  
CLUE — A  
SLENDER ONE,  
I'LL ADMIT, BUT  
IT WAS ENOUGH  
TO WORK ON  
THAT NIGHT IN  
THE DARKENED  
THEATRE AFTER  
THE SHOW..."

IT'S ONLY A  
HUNCH — AH,  
FOOTSTEPS!

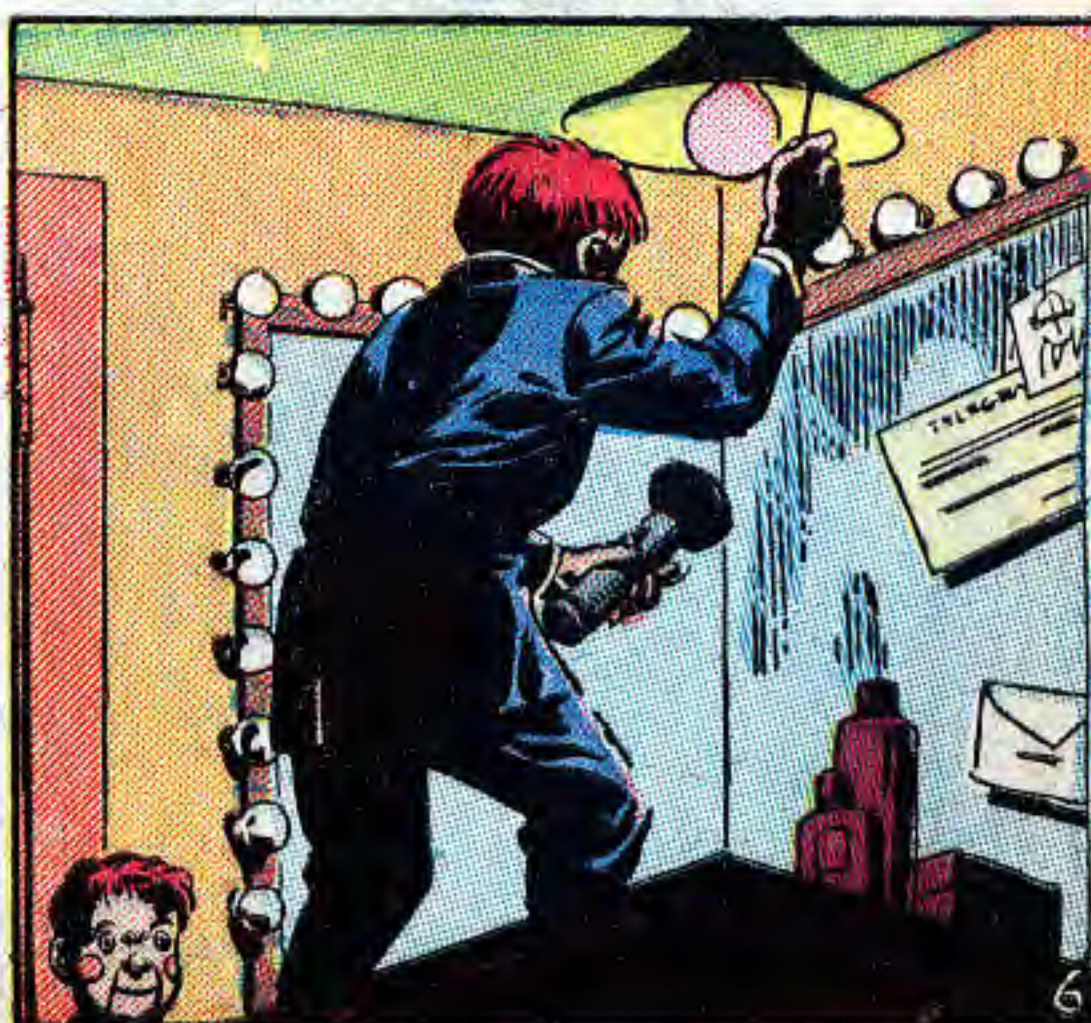
BORIS LANZOFF  
VENTRILOQUIST

"I WAITED. THE  
FOOTSTEPS  
CAME CLOSER..."


BORIS LANZOFF  
VENTRILOQUIST

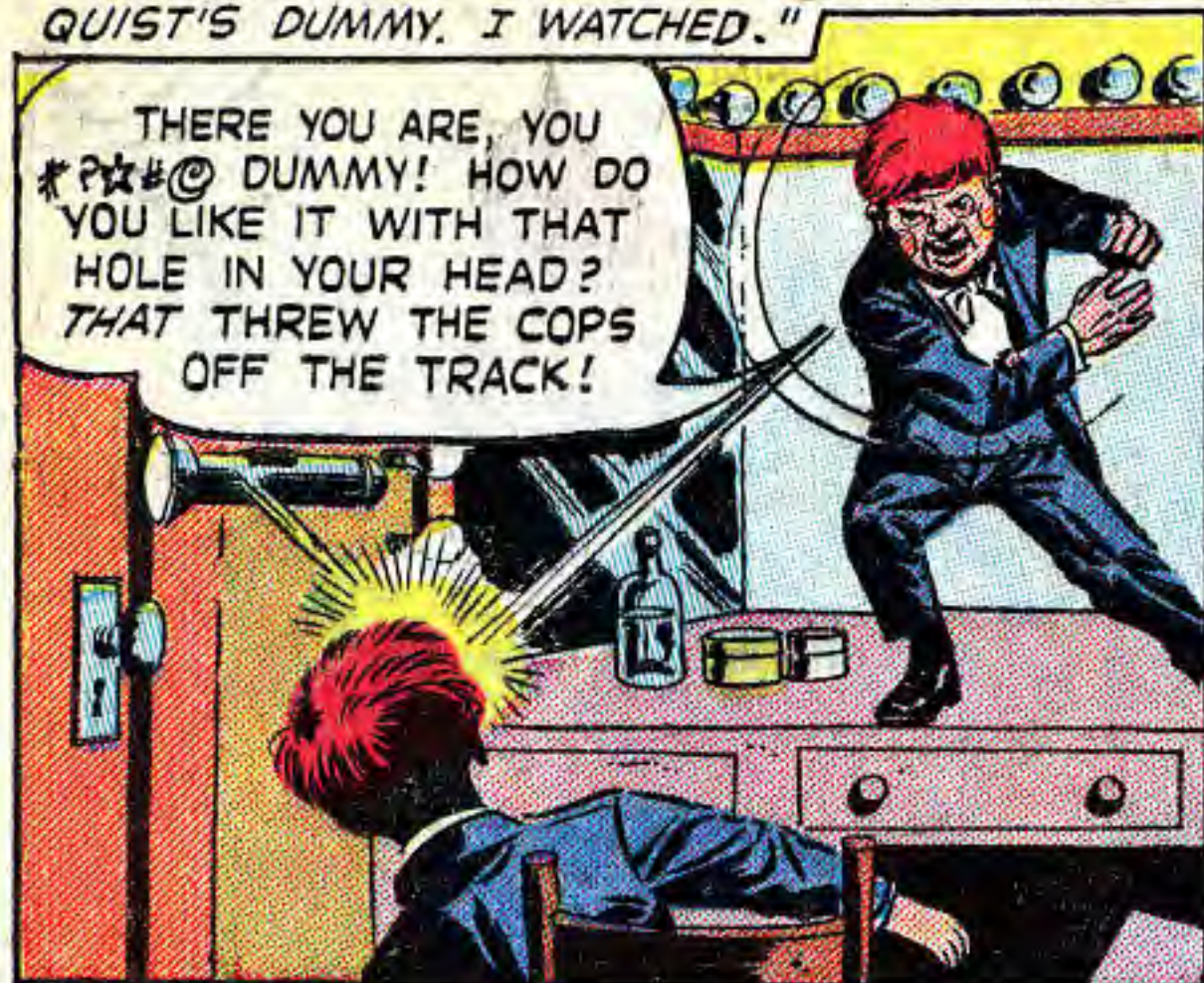
CREAK...  
CREAK...

"THE DRESSING-ROOM DOOR OPENED.  
THE LIGHT SWITCHED ON."

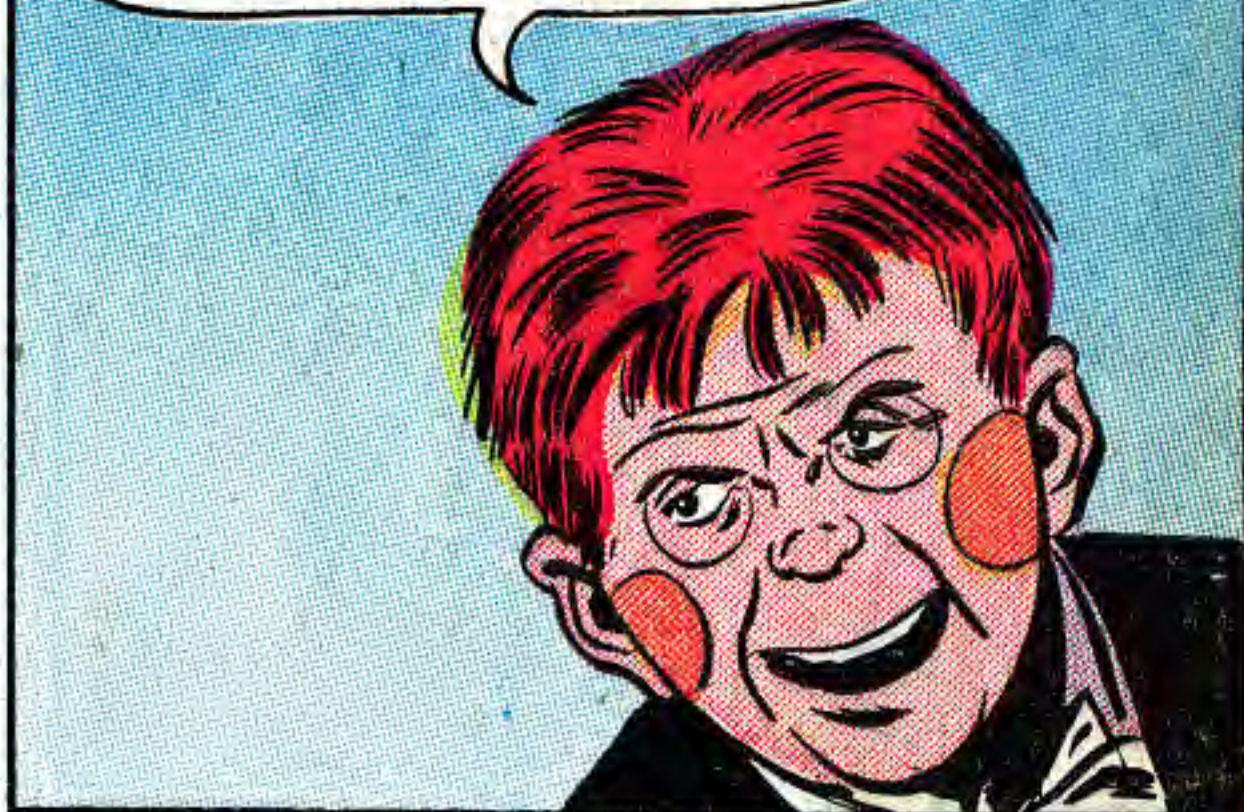




 "AND THERE HE STOOD—THE DUMMY KILLER! AS I HAD SUSPECTED, HE WAS A MIDGET DISGUISED AS A VENTRILOQUIST'S DUMMY. I WATCHED."




ONCE MIDGETS WERE REAL BOX OFFICE IN VAUDEVILLE. I WAS FAMOUS THEN—AND RICH! NOW VENTRILOQUISTS ARE EVERYTHING, AND I STARVE. BUT I'M TAKING MY REVENGE! HA-HA!



AND MY REVENGE WILL MAKE ME RICH AGAIN, TOO. NOW, MY NASTY LITTLE FRIEND, GIVE ME BACK THE DIAMOND BRACELET I HID IN YOUR HEAD! AH, IT'S A BEAUTY! IT MUST BE WORTH AT LEAST FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!



 "MY EARLIER EXAMINATION HAD DISCLOSED THE DIAMOND BRACELET, STUFFED THROUGH THE HOLE AND WEDGED INSIDE THE HOLLOW HEAD. THAT WAS WHY I KNEW THE KILLER WOULD RETURN. THEN I STEPPED INTO THE DRESSING ROOM..."

WHO ARE YOU? GET BACK OR I'LL BLAST A HOLE IN YOUR HEAD!

I'M A DOCTOR. I COULD HELP YOU. YOU'RE SICK!



IF YOU'D LET ME TALK TO YOU I'M SURE I COULD HELP YOU. YOU SEE, I'M SURE YOUR UNREASONING HATRED OF VENTRILOQUISTS HAS BEEN THE CAUSE OF YOUR—

YOU'RE SO RIGHT, DOC—EXCEPT THAT IN A MINUTE, YOU'RE GOING TO BE SO DEAD!



DROP THAT GUN, YOU WOODEN-HEADED CLUNK!

WHAT—?







NOT BAD, WAS IT, FOR A PARLOR-STUNT VENTRILOQUIST?

TRICKED! YOU THREW YOUR VOICE INTO THE DUMMY! FOR A SECOND I THOUGHT---



BUT YOU'RE NOT GETTING ME, DOC! I'M SCRAMMIN' OUT OF HERE--



NOT YOU, LITTLE CHUM! YOU'RE GOING NOWHERE!

OW!



YOU HANG THERE AND COOL OFF WHILE I PHONE HOMICIDE TO RELEASE BORIS LANZOFF AND PICK UP "THE DUMMY KILLER."

LET ME DOWN! ☆#◎@?! LET ME DOWN!



"NEXT AFTERNOON WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE PRISON..."

THE STATE OWES YOU AN APOLOGY, FERNANDO. YOU'RE A FREE MAN.

THANK YOU, WARDEN!



"A FEW NIGHTS LATER, MYRA CRANTON, MY FIANCEE, ACCOMPANIED ME TO THE EMPIRE THEATRE. THE CASE OF THE DUMMY KILLER WAS CLOSED."

FERNANDO, YOU OLD JAILBIRD, LOOK WHO'S CATCHING OUR ACT TONIGHT! SAY, DOC-- WHO'S THE PRETTY BABE?

ISN'T THAT DUMMY CUTE!

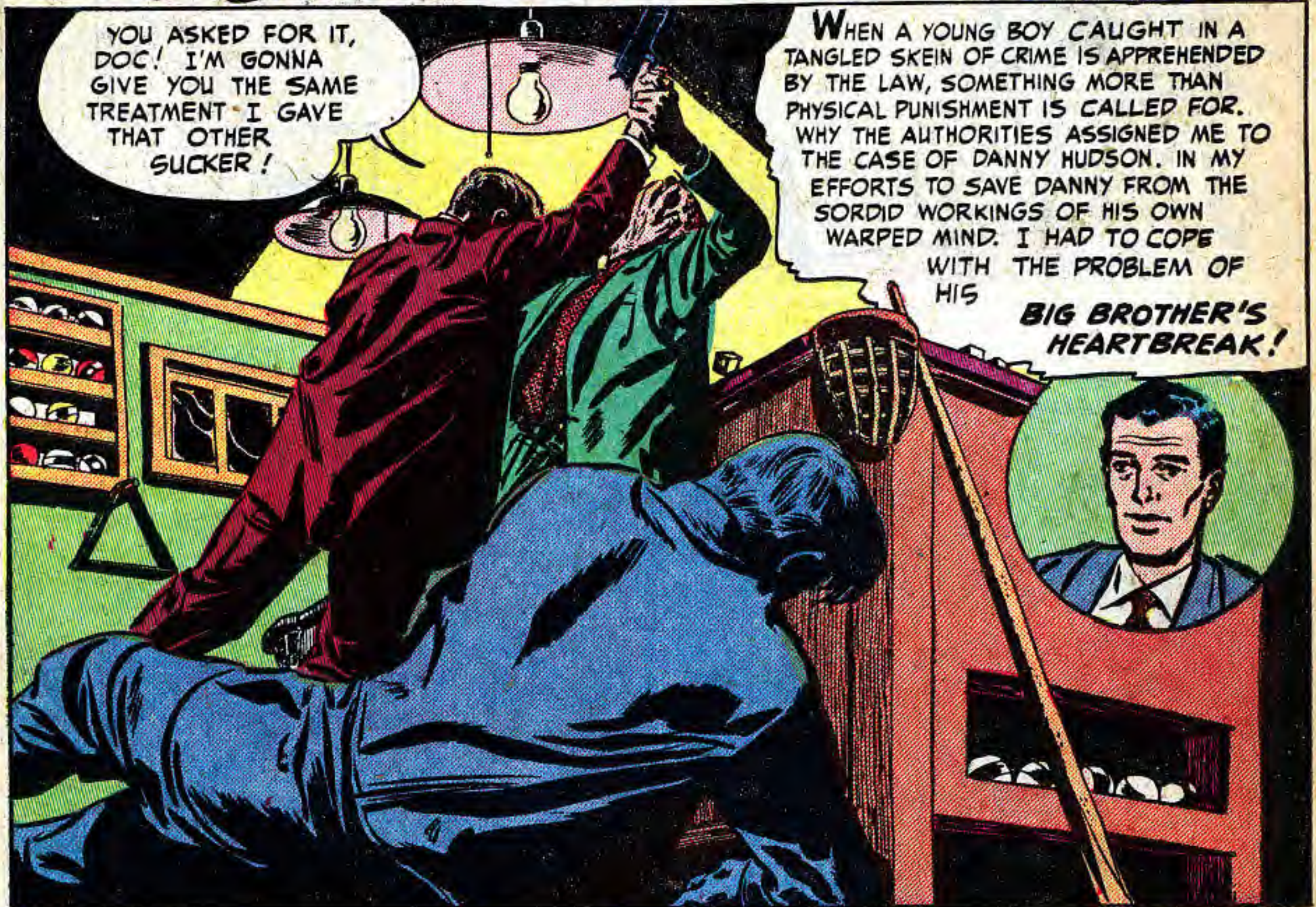
HE IS, MYRA! AS LONG AS HE STICKS TO "LADY-KILLING!"

THE END



# THE CRIME CLINIC

Starring DR. TOM ROGERS in  
**BIG BROTHER'S HEARTBREAK!**



WHEN A YOUNG BOY CAUGHT IN A TANGLED SKEIN OF CRIME IS APPREHENDED BY THE LAW, SOMETHING MORE THAN PHYSICAL PUNISHMENT IS CALLED FOR. WHY THE AUTHORITIES ASSIGNED ME TO THE CASE OF DANNY HUDSON. IN MY EFFORTS TO SAVE DANNY FROM THE SORDID WORKINGS OF HIS OWN WARPED MIND. I HAD TO COPE WITH THE PROBLEM OF HIS

**BIG BROTHER'S HEARTBREAK!**



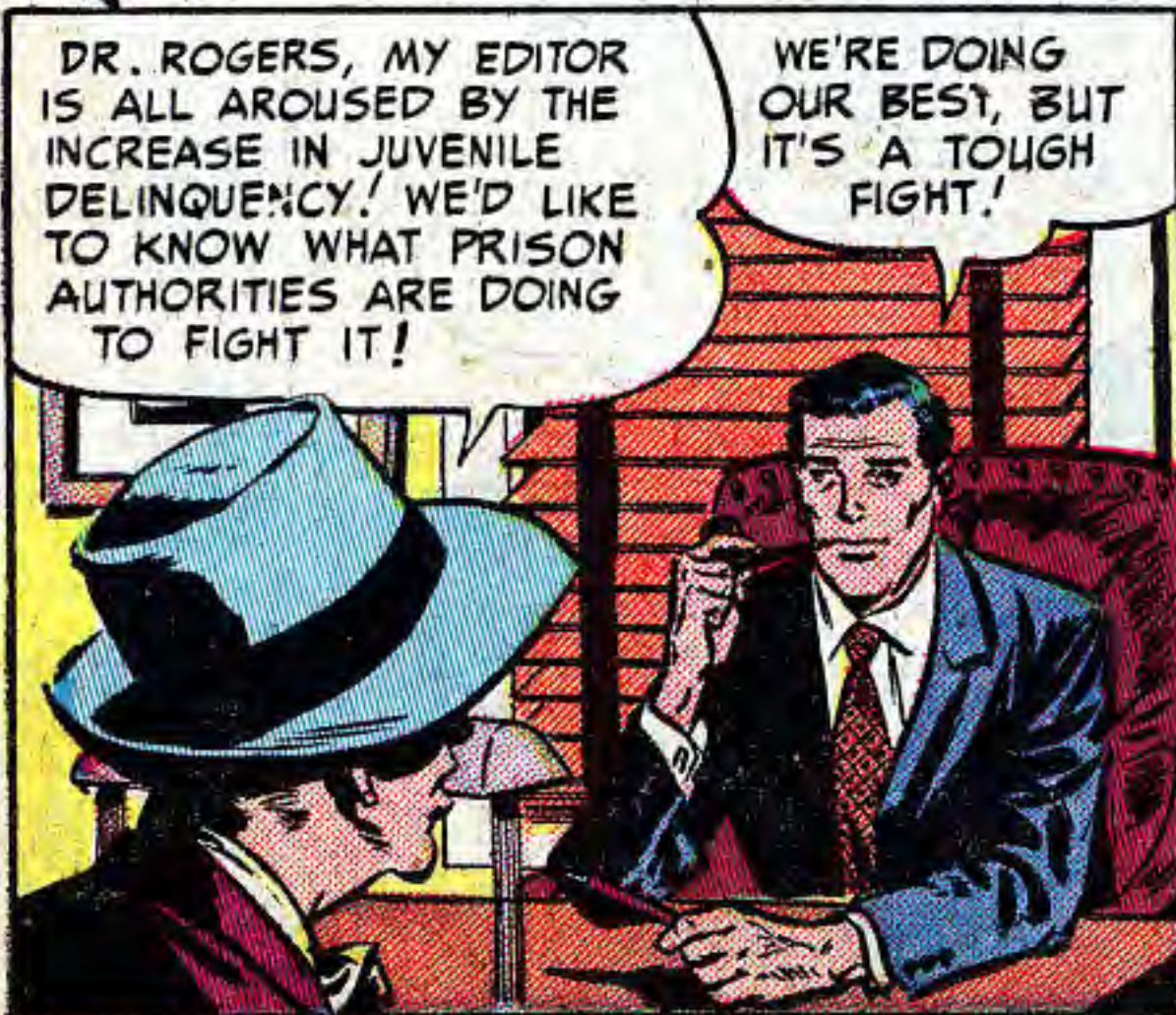
"ONE DAY IN MY OFFICE AT STATE PRISON, I WAS BEING INTERVIEWED BY A REPORTER FROM A LEADING NEWSPAPER..."

DR. ROGERS, MY EDITOR IS ALL AROUSED BY THE INCREASE IN JUVENILE DELINQUENCY! WE'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT PRISON AUTHORITIES ARE DOING TO FIGHT IT!


WE'RE DOING OUR BEST, BUT IT'S A TOUGH FIGHT!

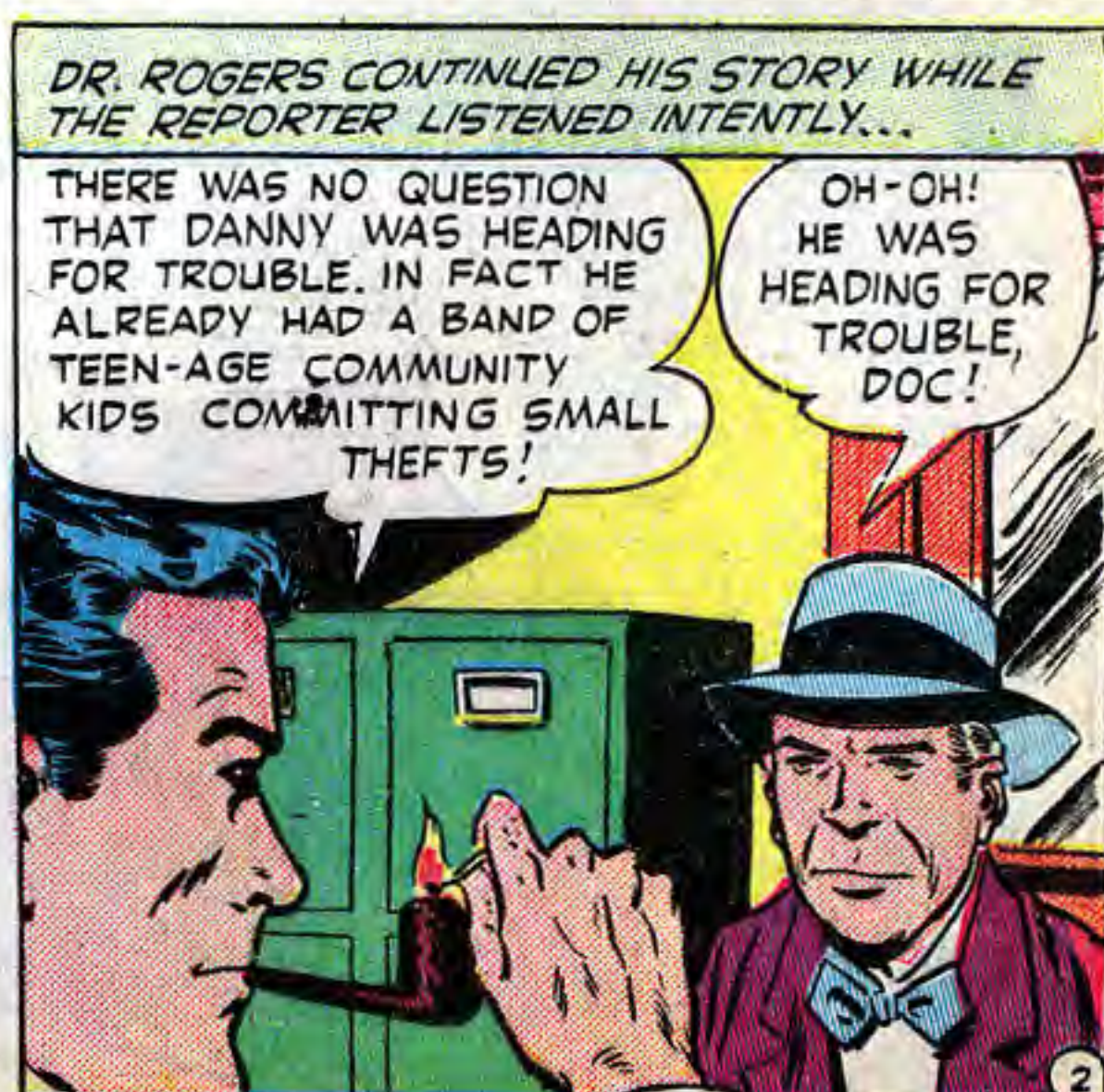
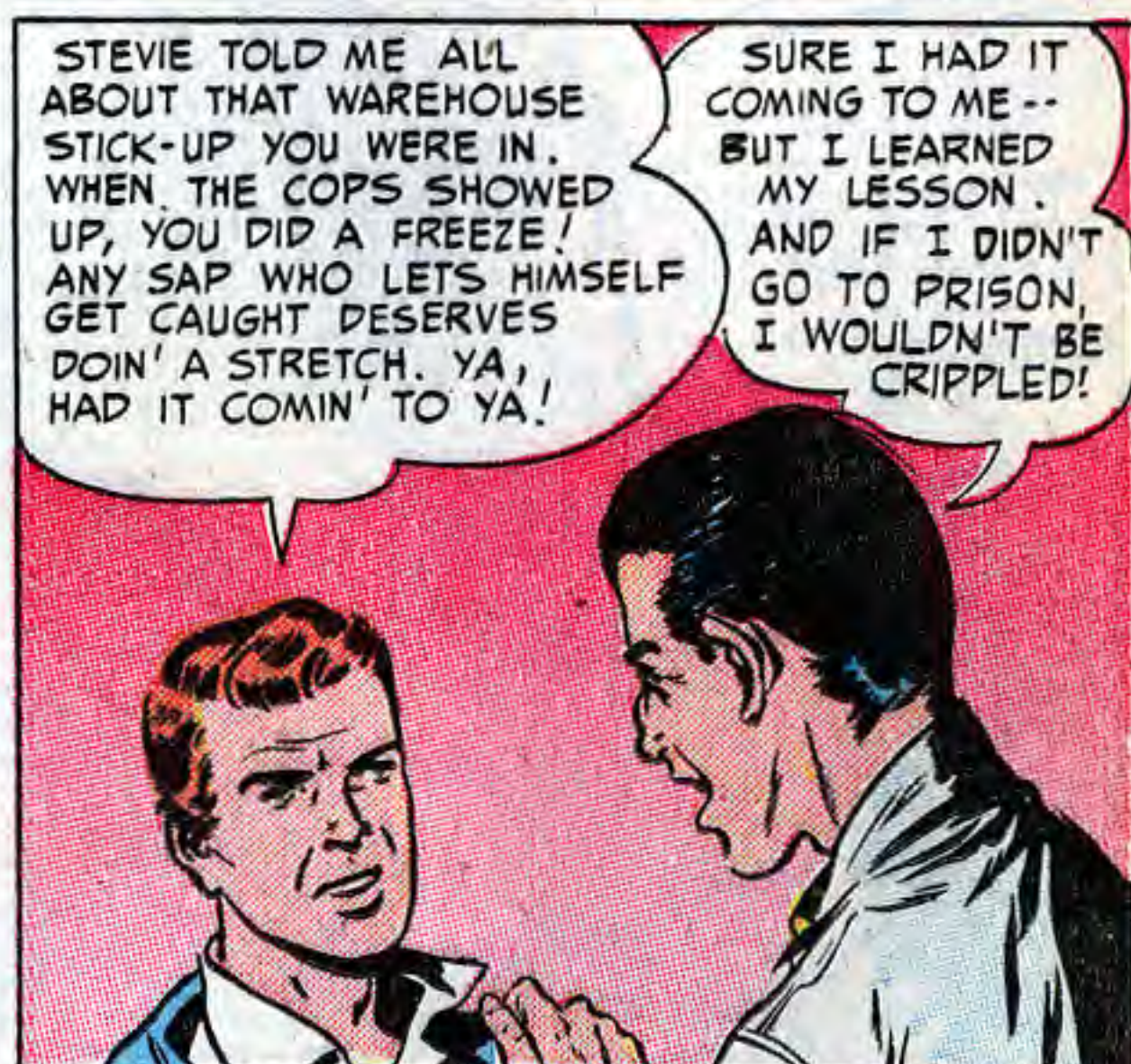
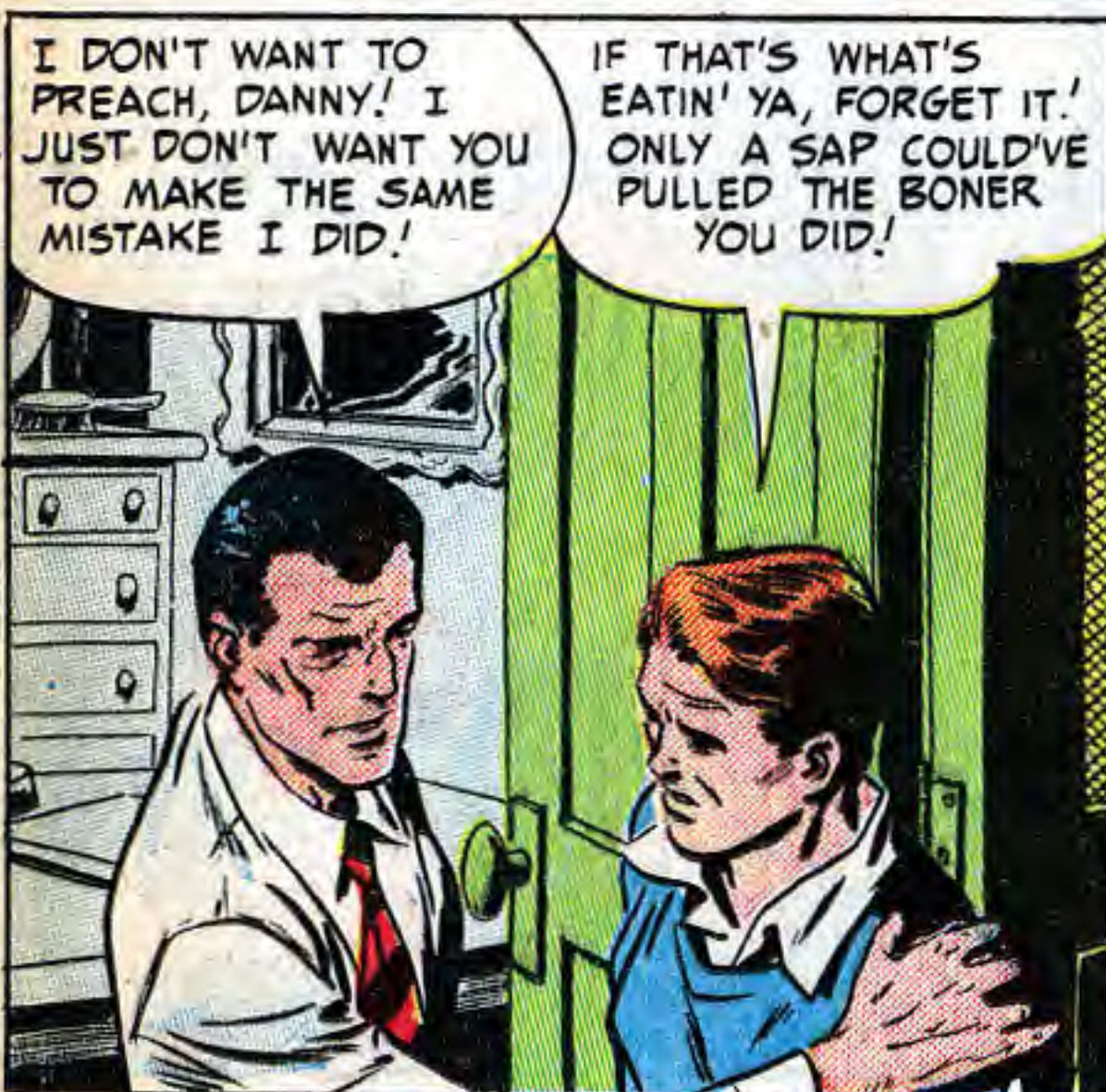
FOR EXAMPLE, TAKE THE RECORD OF DANNY HUDSON! HE WAS A DELINQUENT, AND A **BAD** ONE!

SOUNDS LIKE A STORY, DOC. HOW ABOUT IT?





 "WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK A FEW YEARS TO A CHEAP FLAT IN ONE OF THE WORST SLUMS IN THE CITY. THIS WAS HOME FOR DANNY HUDSON AND HIS OLDER BROTHER LARRY. IT WASN'T MUCH, BUT IT WAS THE BEST LARRY COULD AFFORD ON HIS SMALL SALARY..."







"WHAT HAPPENED NEXT WAS REALLY TRAGIC. LARRY BROKE HIS LEG IN AN ACCIDENT AT THE PLANT, AND IT GAVE YOUNG DANNY THE FREEDOM HE WAS LOOKING FOR..."

THE BOYS SAY LARRY'S IN THE HOSPITAL! THAT'S TOO BAD FOR HIM! BUT IT COULD BE A GOOD BREAK FOR YOU, DANNY!

THAT'S WHY I COME TO SEE YA, STEVIE!



I GOT A FEW KIDS WORKIN' WITH ME ON SOME SMALL JOBS! YOU KNOW, BREAKIN' INTO STORES AN' STUFF LIKE THAT! THINK YOU COULD TAKE CARE OF THE LOOT?

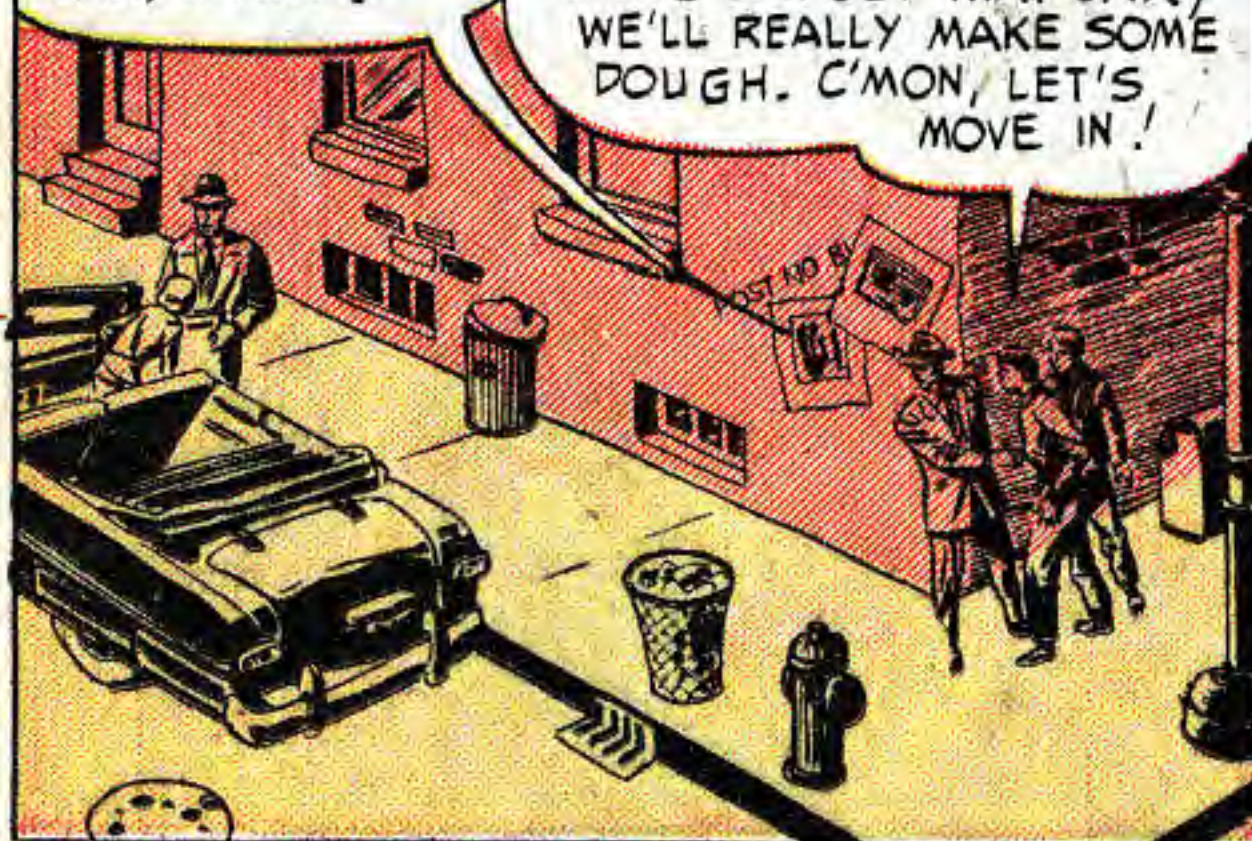
SURE THING, KID! YOU JUST BRING **EVERYTHING** TO UNCLE STEVIE!



"DANNY AND HIS TEEN-AGE GANG PULLED A FEW MINOR JOBS. THEN ONE NIGHT THEY TRIED FOR BIGGER STAKES..."

AIN'T IT KINDA RISKY STEALIN' A CAR, DANNY?

SURE IT IS, BUT I'M TIRED OF WORKIN' FOR PEANUTS! IF WE CAN GET THAT CAR, WE'LL REALLY MAKE SOME DOUGH. C'MON, LET'S MOVE IN!



HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON--!

SHUT UP, MISTER, AND **FAST!** OKAY, HANK, GET THE KEYS FROM HIS POCKET!



WHY, YOU LITTLE---

LEGGO! HEY! GUYS -- LET 'IM HAVE IT!

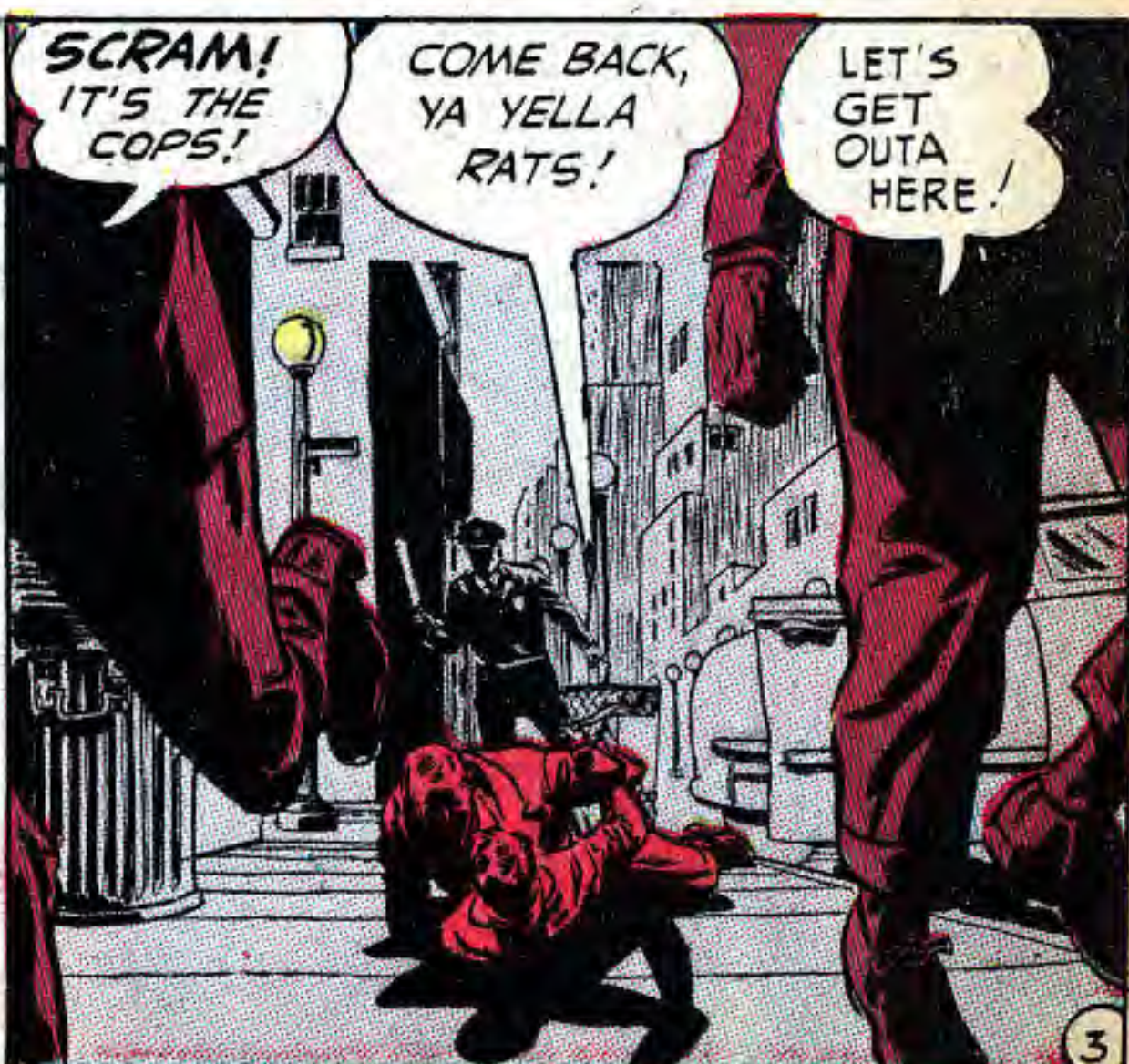
**HELP... POLICE!**



SCRAM! IT'S THE COPS!

COME BACK, YA YELLA RATS!

LET'S GET OUTA HERE!





"MINUTES LATER..."

THE OTHER THREE  
RAN AWAY, BUT THIS  
TRAMP IS THE  
**RINGLEADER!**  
I WANT HIM  
BEHIND BARS!

THAT'S WHERE  
HE'S HEADED!  
OKAY, SONNY--  
LET'S GO!



"WHEN DANNY WAS BROUGHT TO JUVENILE  
COURT, THE AUTHORITIES ASKED ME TO  
SIT IN ON THE CASE..."



WE'RE BRINGING YOUNG  
HUDSON TO TRIAL IN A  
FEW MINUTES, DOCTOR!  
I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE  
YOUR HANDS FULL-- THIS  
YOUNGSTER IS A  
HARD CASE!

NO CASE  
IS HOPELESS,  
YOUR HONOR!



"THEN AS WE ENTERED THE COURTROOM..."

I'M WARNIN'  
YA, COPPER!  
TAKE YOUR  
DIRTY HANDS  
OFFA ME!

KEEP QUIET,  
HUDSON...OR...



"SUDDENLY..."

STOP WHERE  
YOU ARE, HUDSON!  
HALT OR I'LL  
FIRE!

**GUARD!**  
DON'T SHOOT!



"THE ENTIRE COURTROOM WAS IN AN UPROAR AS I  
DASHED AFTER HIM INTO THE CORRIDOR..."

COME BACK,  
DANNY! YOU  
CAN'T GET  
AWAY!

TRY AN'  
STOP ME,  
MISTER!



OKAY,  
I WILL!

**OW!**





WE'LL BE GOING BACK INSIDE THAT COURTROOM, AND THIS TIME YOU'LL BEHAVE YOURSELF! REMEMBER THIS, DANNY, I CAN GET TWICE AS ROUGH AS YOU CAN -- IF I HAVE TO! IS THAT **CLEAR?**

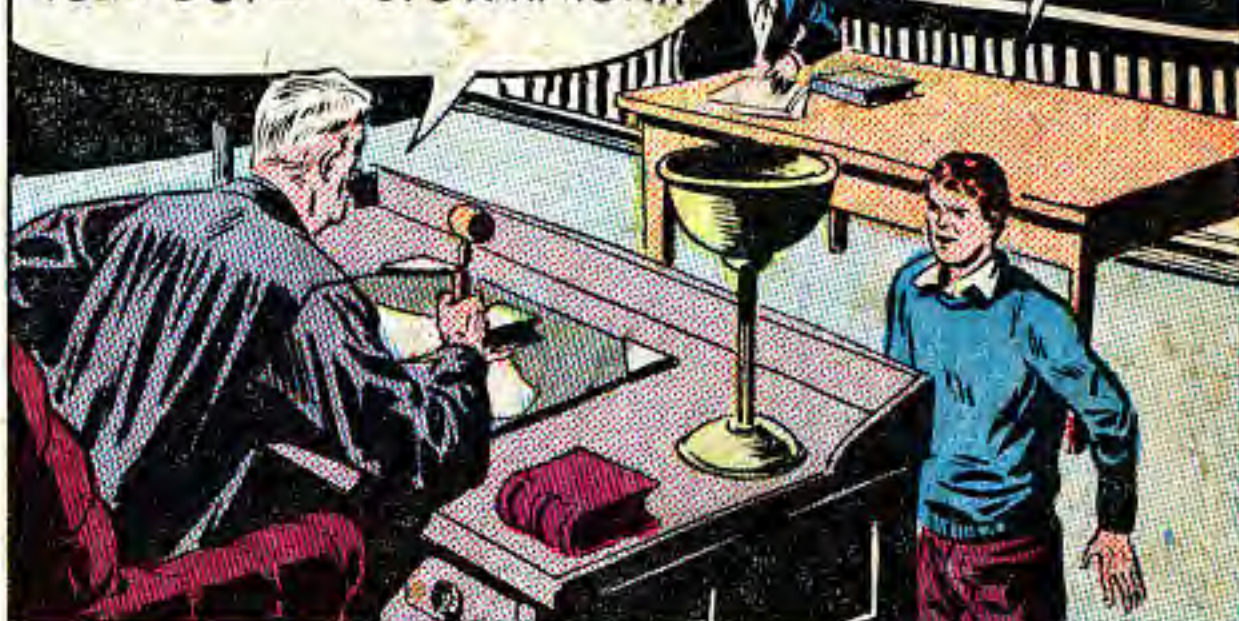
Y-YEAH...IT'S CLEAR!



"THE TRIAL WAS BRIEF, AND THEN THE JUDGE PASSED SENTENCE..."

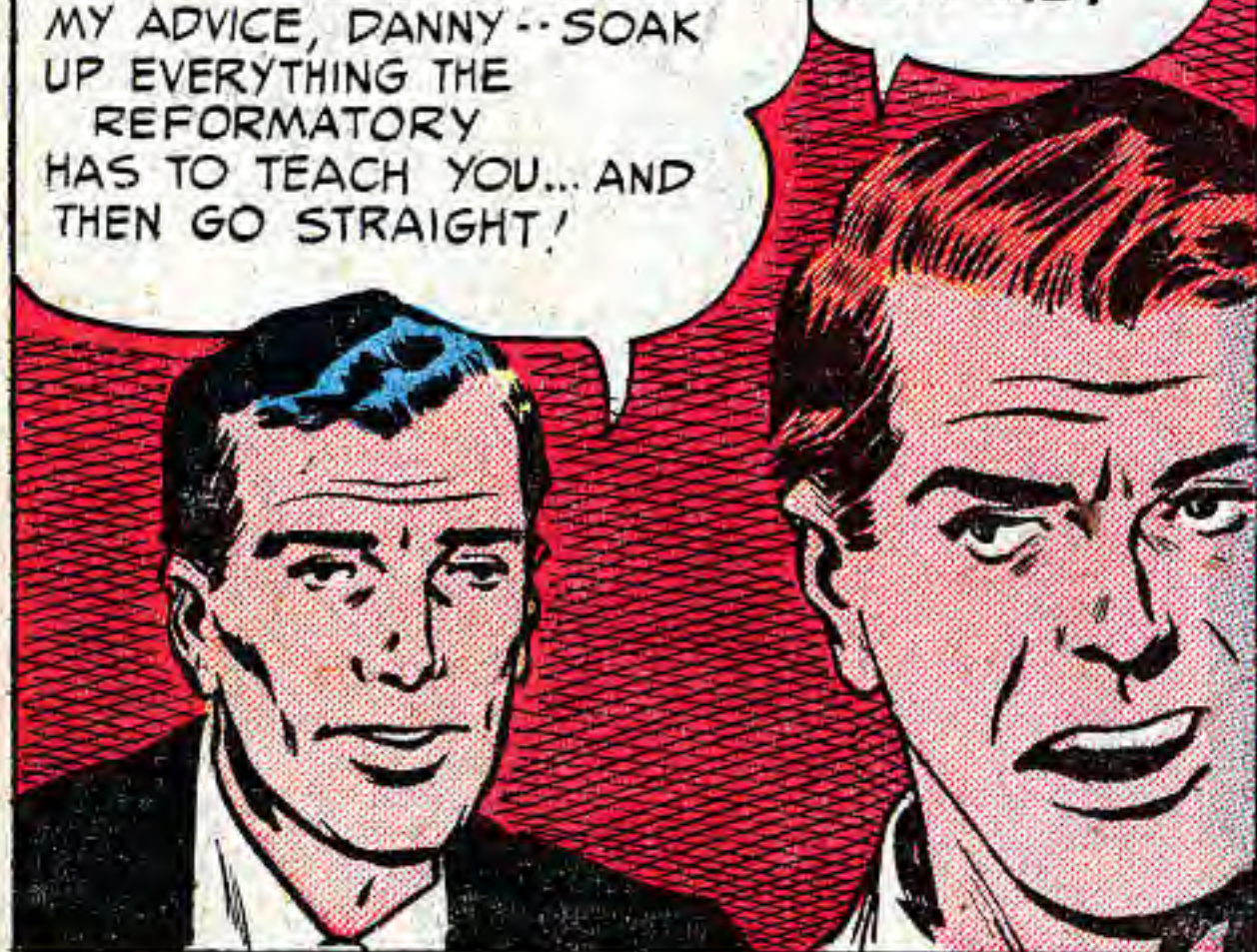
YOU HAVE BROKEN THE LAW ON FOUR COUNTS, AND YOUR REFUSAL TO NAME YOUR THREE COMPANIONS ONLY ADDS TO YOUR GUILT! THEREFORE, I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO SEND YOU TO A BOYS' REFORMATORY!

ANYWAY, I'M NO SQUEALER!



THAT'S NOTHING TO BE PROUD OF! ACCORDING TO THE REPORT, THEY LEFT **YOU** HOLDING THE BAG! TAKE MY ADVICE, DANNY -- SOAK UP EVERYTHING THE REFORMATORY HAS TO TEACH YOU... AND THEN GO STRAIGHT!

THAT'S FOR SUCKERS, MISTER -- NOT FOR **ME!**



THEN I DON'T SUPPOSE DANNY TOOK YOUR ADVICE... OR DID HE?

NO, HE DIDN'T! AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE DIDN'T EVEN LAST LONG AT THE SCHOOL! I DON'T MEAN HE WAS LET OFF ON GOOD BEHAVIOR... HE SIMPLY **BROKE OUT!**



"DANNY DID A VERY GOOD DISAPPEARING ACT, BUT THREE WEEKS LATER I RECEIVED A **VERY** UNEXPECTED VISITOR..."

THERE'S A LARRY HUDSON OUTSIDE TO SEE YOU, DOCTOR! HE SAYS IT'S IMPORTANT!

WHY HE MUST BE -- HAVE HIM COME RIGHT IN, CAROL!



WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MR. HUDSON?

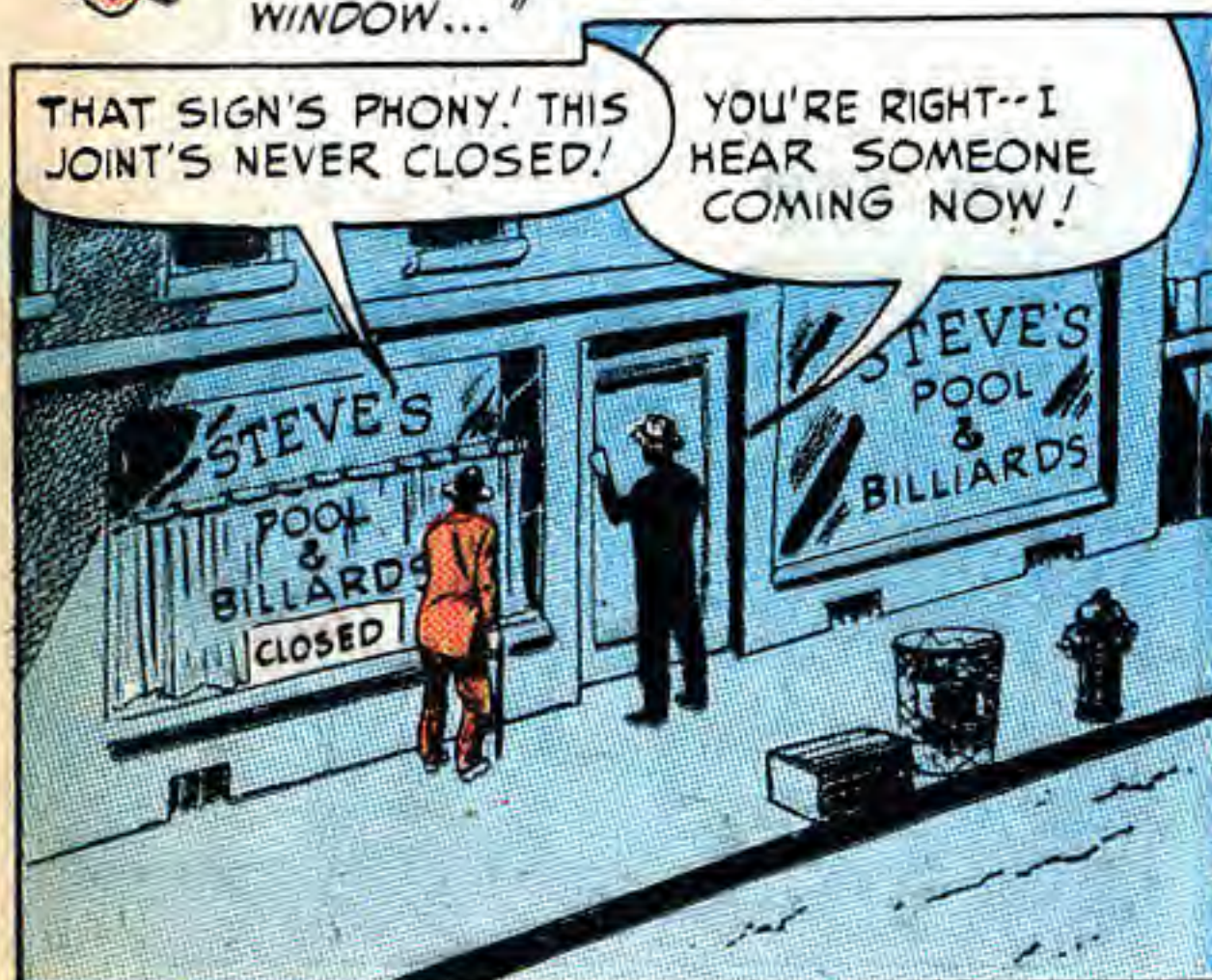
IT'S ABOUT MY BROTHER, DANNY! THIS MIGHT SOUND CRAZY, BUT I KNOW WHERE HE'S HIDING --- I CAME TO TURN HIM IN!







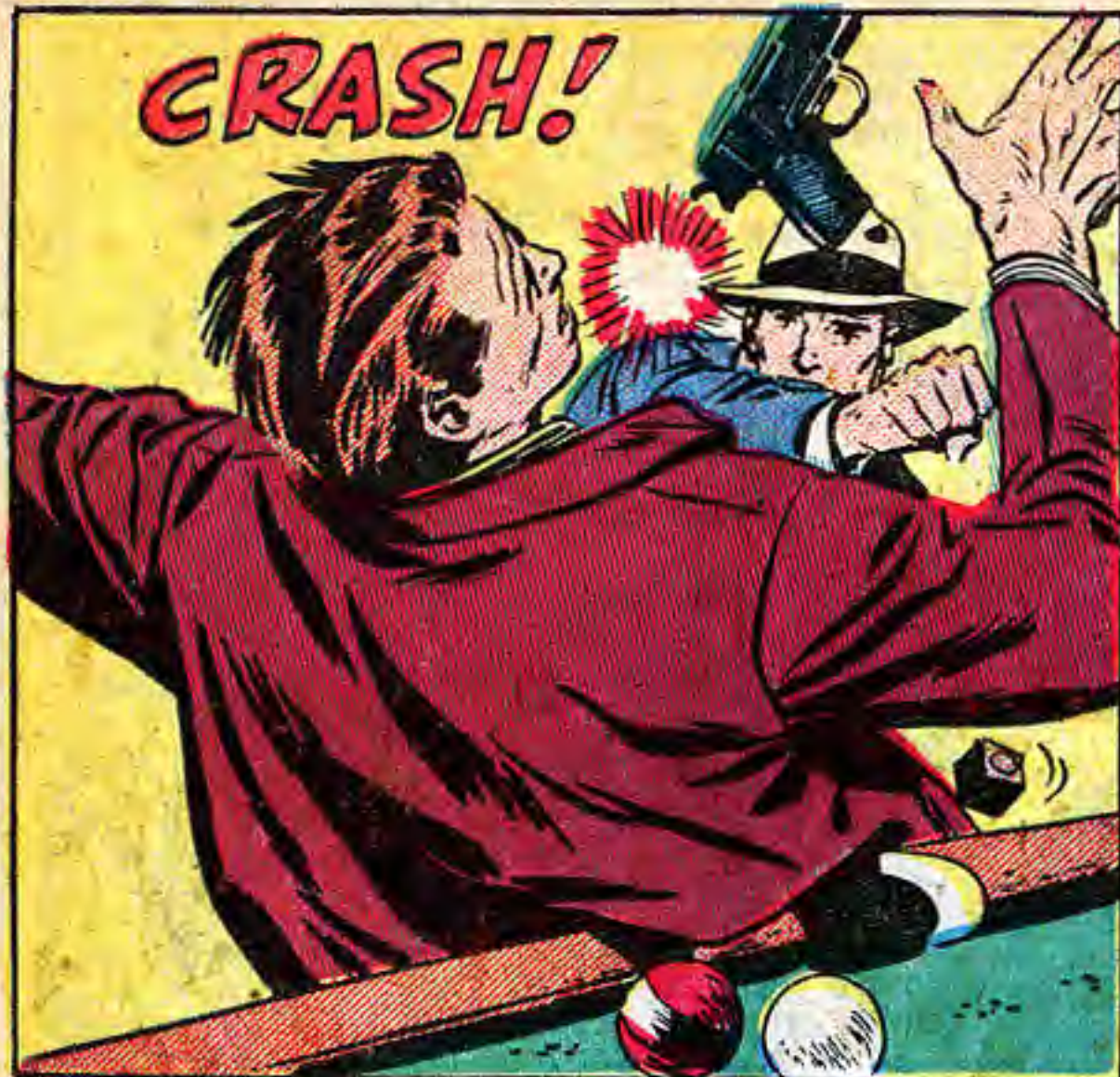
"I MET LARRY THAT EVENING, AND HE TOOK ME TO STEVE'S POOL JOINT! A 'CLOSED' SIGN WAS HANGING IN THE WINDOW..."



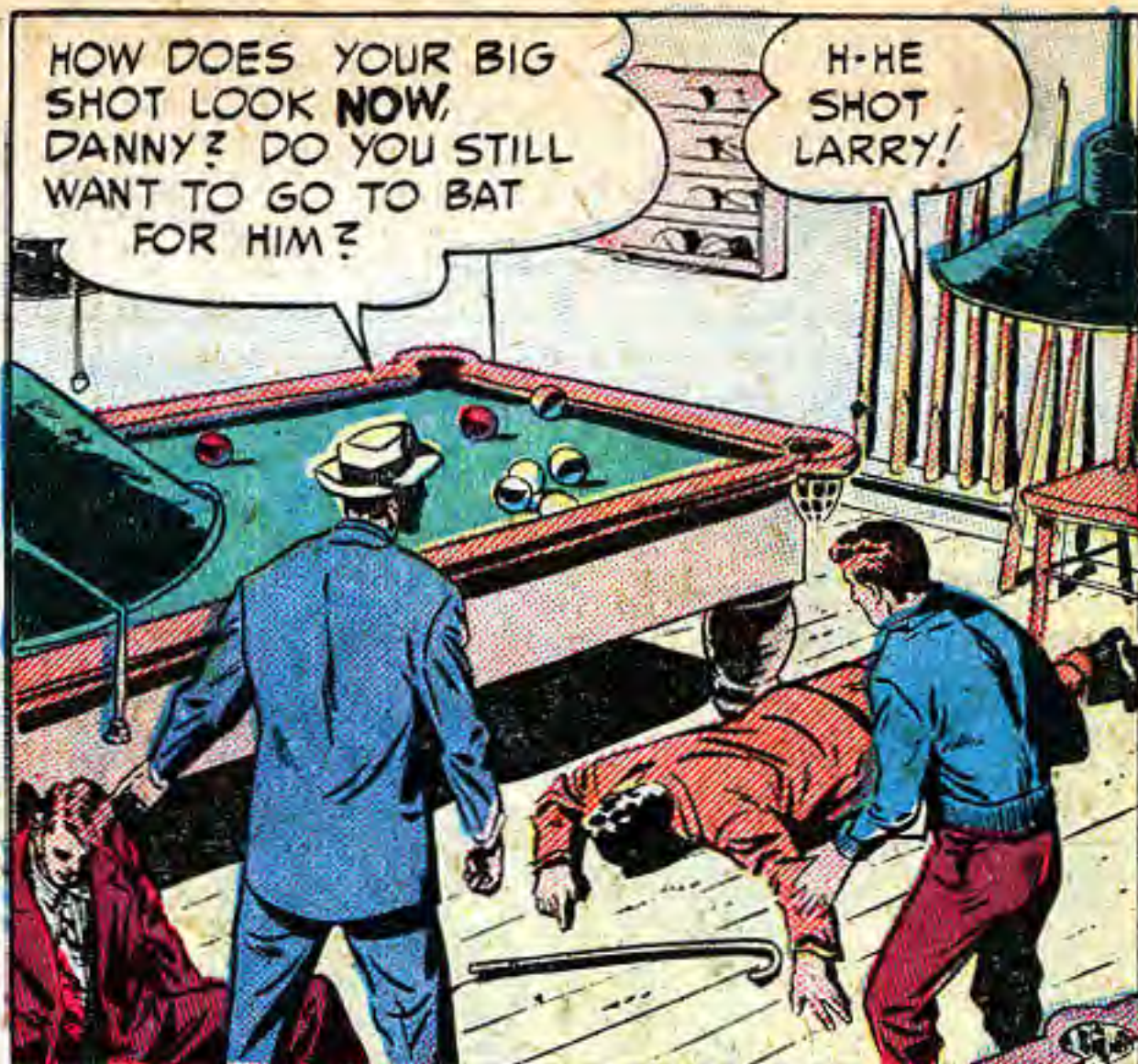








**CRASH!**



HOW DOES YOUR BIG SHOT LOOK NOW, DANNY? DO YOU STILL WANT TO GO TO BAT FOR HIM?

H-HE SHOT LARRY!



HE W-WON'T DIE ... WILL HE?

I HOPE NOT! LARRY HAS THE KIND OF NERVE THAT PUNKS LIKE STEVE NEVER HAVE! CRIPPLED AS HE WAS, HE CAME TO YOUR AID WHEN STEVE TURNED ON YOU. MAYBE NOW YOU'LL KNOW WHO YOUR **REAL** FRIENDS ARE!



AND DID LARRY PULL THROUGH?

YES, HE DID -- BUT THAT ISN'T ALL! DANNY FINISHED HIS TERM AT THE REFORMATORY AND CAME BACK A CHANGED BOY! THE TWO BROTHERS ARE NOW PARTNERS IN A GAS STATION AND THEY'RE DOING FINE!



YOU'VE GIVEN ME QUITE A STORY, DOCTOR! MAYBE IT'LL BE A VALUABLE LESSON TO OTHERS!

I HOPE SO! FIGHTING JUVENILE DELINQUENCY IS EVERYBODY'S JOB!

**THE END**

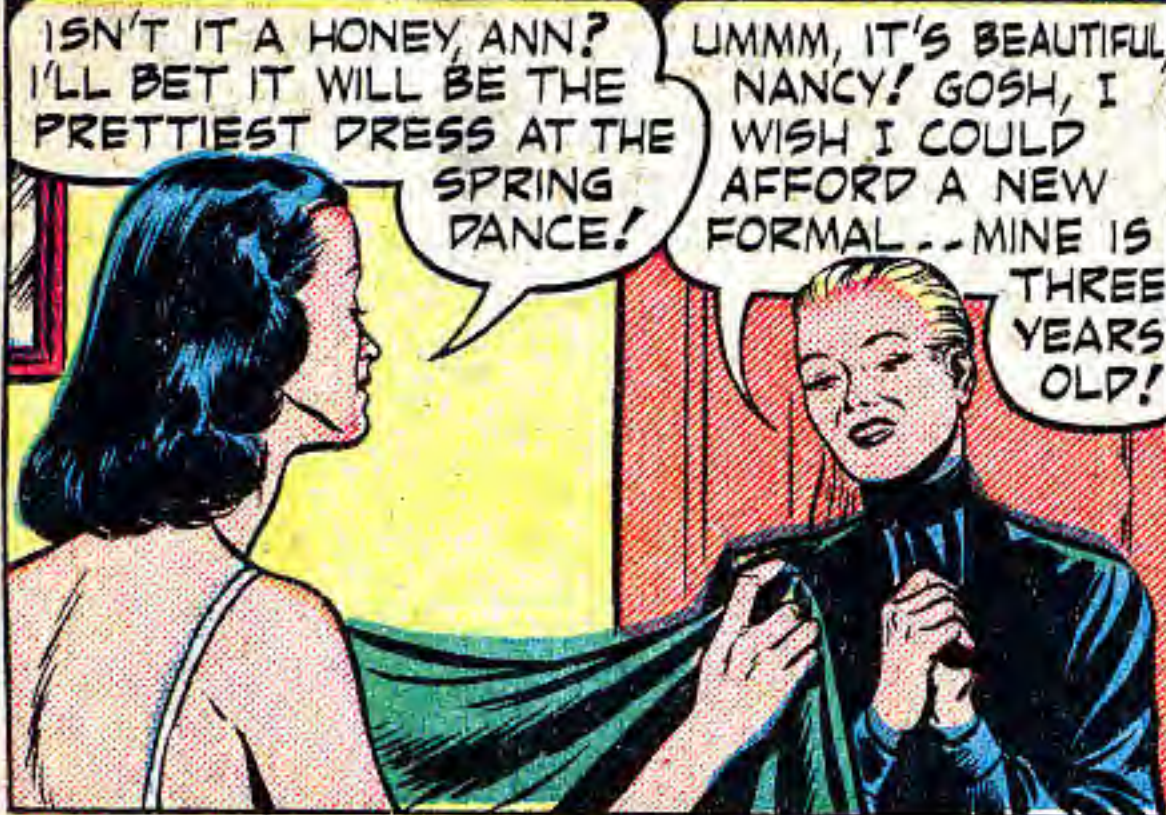


# CURE FOR CRIME!

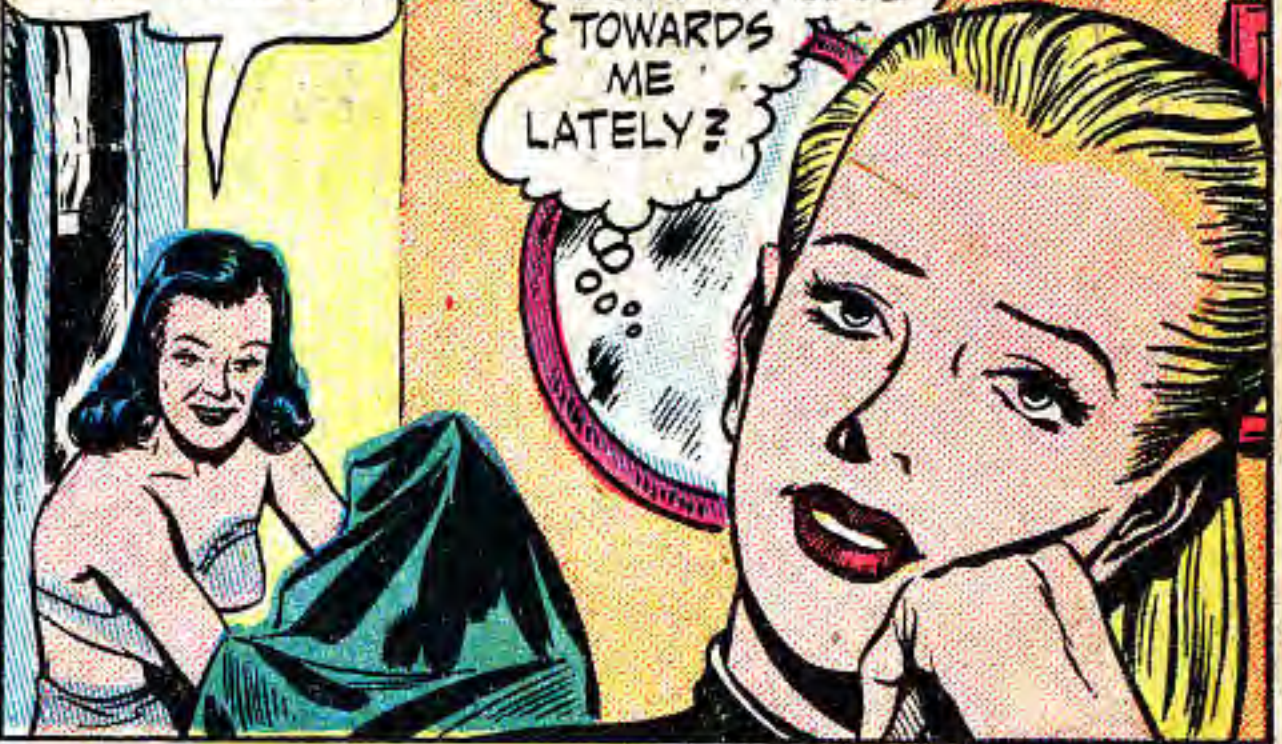


"VANITY CAN OFTEN DRIVE A PERSON TO CRIME! THAT HAPPENED TO ANN DALEY, SALESGIRL IN A LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE!"

"ANN'S STORY STARTS THE EVENING HER GIRL-FRIEND, NANCY, SHOWED HER THE NEW FORMAL SHE HAD JUST BOUGHT."



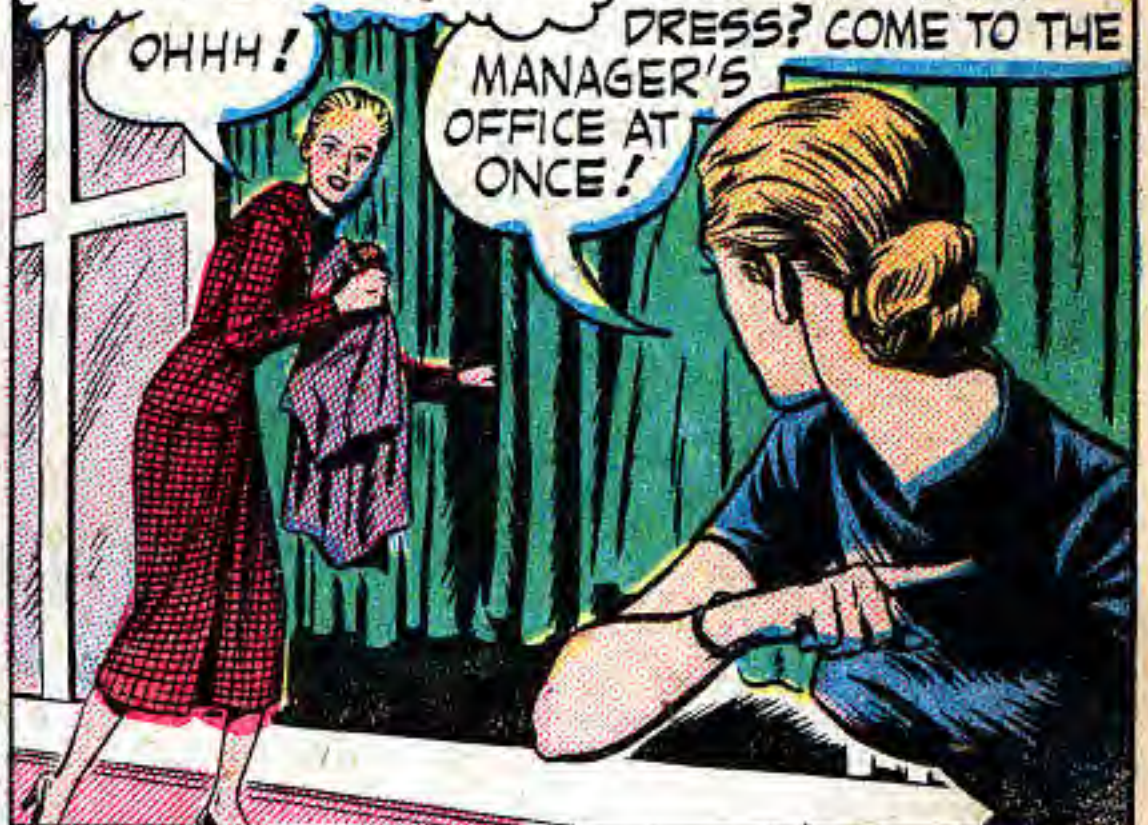
PRETTY CLOTHES ARE MAN INSURANCE, ANN! I'M NOT TAKING A CHANCE ON LOSING THE BOY FRIEND!



"MAN INSURANCE! ANN REMEMBERED NANCY'S REMARKS! SHE COULDN'T DRIVE IT FROM HER MIND! THE NEXT DAY, AT WORK --"



I CAN HIDE IT UNDER MY COAT, AND GET IT TO MY LOCKER.



"BECAUSE ANN DALEY HAD ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD EMPLOYEE, THE MANAGER TRIED TO FIND OUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HER! I WAS CALLED IN."



BECAUSE I'M A PSYCHIATRIST! IT'S MY JOB TO SEEK OUT CAUSES OF CRIMINAL ACTS! IN YOUR CASE IT WAS INSECURITY, PLACING TOO HIGH A VALUE ON MATERIAL THINGS! IT'S WHAT IS WITHIN YOU THAT ATTRACTS THE RIGHT KIND OF MAN! A MAN WHO WILL JUDGE WOMEN ONLY BY THEIR CLOTHES ISN'T WORTH KNOWING!

"BUT IN ANN'S CASE IT WASN'T TOO LATE! FOR HER EMPLOYERS GAVE HER ANOTHER CHANCE AND SAVED HER FROM A POSSIBLY CRIMINAL CAREER."

I -- I NEVER THOUGHT OF IT THAT WAY -- BUT YOU'RE RIGHT! AND NOW IT'S TOO LATE -- I'VE RUINED EVERYTHING..

The End



# THE SILENT WHISTLE

Sgt. Paul White of the Glendale Police Force eased himself into the comfortable chair next to Chief Bradley's desk. He grinned with genuine affection at the Chief as the older man shook his head and smiled. "Looks just like old times to see you sitting in that chair, Paul," Bradley said.

Paul took the cigar which the Chief offered him, lit it and nodded. "Sure does," he laughed. "From the smell of it, this is the same cigar you handed me five years ago, when I left to join the Marines."

Chief Bradley smiled. Then his face grew serious and worried, revealing the haggard lines of care etched around his normally placid blue eyes. "It's good to have you back, Paul," he said soberly. "I've missed you, son, and I've needed you badly. Things are rugged here in Glendale, I don't mind admitting."

"What's up, Chief?"

The Chief sighed. "It's a new kind of crime, Paul. Not the kind we're used to. No crime is clean, but what's going on now is especially dirty and miserable. Stealing from poor people, little shopkeepers and even beggars, who are being forced to pay 'protection' or be beaten up. That's the kind of crime we've got today."

"Who's responsible? Have you spotted him?"

"Oh, sure, we know that," replied Chief Bradley. "That's the most horrible feature of the deal. The king-pin is an ex-Chicago racketeer of the prohibition era, Johnny Miranda. We've got him dead to rights. But we can't touch him. Our hands are tied."

"Why?" snapped Paul.

"Because he's got connections, Paul," said Bradley sadly. "In the three years he's been in town I haven't been able to make a single arrest stick. I ran him in a dozen times the first month, and within two hours he was out each time, a free man. His lawyers simply made a couple of telephone calls, and the fix was in. I can't take much more of it, Paul. I've been an honest cop for more than thirty years, and if I can't enforce the law, I'm going to quit." He paused. "That's why I've been waiting for you to come back, son. I figured that maybe you and I, working together, the way we used to before the War, could clean this last mess up."

"Have you tried a raid?" Paul asked. "To get evidence, I mean."

"Won't work." The Chief shook his head. "Not a judge in town will sign a search warrant. That's how good Miranda's connections are."

Paul sat back in his chair, puffing on the cigar. Suddenly he leaned forward. "I've got an idea," he

said. "In case of a fire, or anything like that, we still have the right to break into a house, don't we? They haven't changed that law, have they?"

"No, they haven't. But it wouldn't work, Paul. First of all, you could never get into Miranda's place. Secondly, it's all concrete and steel, one of these modern places, so you wouldn't have much luck with a fire."

Paul smiled. "I'm not thinking *exactly* of a fire, Chief," he said slowly. "Just this." And he held up a long, slender silver whistle which he pulled from his pocket. "It's a souvenir of the Marine Corps. Now," he hitched his chair closer to the desk, "here's what I'd like you to do..."

Two days later, the number of Glendale's beggars was increased by one, a filthy, unshaven bum who looked healthy enough for any kind of work, but whose slouching walk and whining voice showed a man completely lacking all moral strength. The patrolmen on their beats kept him moving along, and even Chief Bradley, touring the city in a cruising patrol car, had difficulty recognizing the normally immaculate Paul White.

For two days, the bum prowled the streets. And then, just as he accepted a quarter from a kindly passerby, a big black sedan rolled to the curb and stopped. Two swarthy men leaped out and closed in on him. "Come on, lug," one growled. "Get in. You're comin' with us."

Paul's protests were drowned out by the slamming of the sedan door.

As the car roared away, a newsboy, whose route had paralleled Paul's, ducked into a store and raced for the phone booth. Quickly, he dialed a number. "Hello," he said. "Louie speaking. They got him." The newsboy left the store and continued on his route.

Twenty minutes later Paul sat in a sparsely-furnished little ante-room in Johnny Miranda's sumptuous home. The two hoods who had kidnapped him loomed threateningly over him, both armed with wicked-looking blackjacks. "Look, bum," the leader of the pair said, "you're new here, and we're gonna tell you how to keep healthy, see? Johnny Miranda owns this town, and we work for Johnny. That means you're takin' orders from us."

"What do you want me to do?" whined Paul, in a timid, scared voice.

"Just what you're told to do, see? You've got a good beat for your handout pitch, and we're puttin' you down for ten bucks a week. That's what you turn over to us, and everything's fine. Otherwise..." he tapped his blackjack on his palm significantly.



Paul looked up, letting sudden understanding flood his face. "Oh, it's like that," he said. "That's nothin'. Look, fellow," he continued, in a very friendly tone, "you don't think *this* is my racket, do you? This is just a blind with me. I'm going to be in the big dough soon," he added boastfully.

The two hoods glanced at each other. "How's that?" they asked.

Paul smiled. "Just before I broke out of Joliet," he said easily, "a lifer who comes from this town tipped me off about a tunnel that leads right under the First National Bank. I've been casing the job, and I've found out he was givin' me a straight steer. Now," he shrugged his shoulders, "all I've got to do is connect up with some mob, and it's a cinch to knock the bank off for every cent in that vault."

The two gangsters studied each other thoughtfully. After a moment, the first one spoke. "Keep an eye on this mug, Joe," he said. "I'm gonna have a talk with Johnny."

When the hood returned, he smiled at Paul. "Okay, fellow," he said jovially. "If you got any idea about how to knock the bank over, you're in the right place. Come on. You got some talkin' to do."

"Where're we goin'?" asked Paul, as he was hoisted to his feet and marched through the door.

"To the Big Boss! An' you better have the story straight, because he ain't got time to fool around with no fairy tales."

Paul's first glimpse of Johnny Miranda showed clearly why the racketeer had attained his supremacy. A huge, domineering man, he sat arrogantly behind his massive desk, his cruel lips clamped tight on a large cigar which he didn't bother to remove when he spoke. "Joe tells me that you're set with a plan to knock over the First National here. All right, let's hear your caper."

"Wait a minute!" Paul leaned forward in protest. "Why should I tell *you*? This is my caper, and I want to make sure I get mine."

"You'll get yours, all right," Miranda said. "A flat twenty-five percent of the take. I supply the men and the protection. That's how this town is run. And nobody," he added savagely, "crosses me. Get it?"

"That's not much for me!" grumbled Paul.

"That's what you get!" snapped Miranda. "Or," he shrugged his shoulders, "you go for a nice, long ride. Take your choice!"

Paul nodded sullenly. "Okay," he said. "It's like this. The tunnel—"

"Wait a minute!" ordered Miranda. "Pete, you blow. I'll call you when I want you." Without a word the hoodlum exited, and Miranda nodded to Paul.

"The tunnel," Paul continued, "starts in the

alley next to the Kingsbury Jewelry Store, and crosses the street under the bank. Once you get there, there's a steel door, but the key to this door is . . ."

Again Paul was interrupted, this time by the shrill ringing of a phone on Miranda's desk. The racketeer grabbed the instrument, listened for a second, then mumbled a reply. "This'll take a couple of minutes," he said to Paul. "Make yourself comfortable."

As Paul rose to his feet and strolled around the room, his hand slowly came out of his pocket, tightly clenched. The second his back was to Miranda, he whipped the hand to his mouth, pressing the silver whistle to his lips, and blew hard several times. Not a sound was audible in the room. The whistle was silent!

But as Paul's hand returned the whistle to his pocket, Miranda's conversation was drowned out by the frenzied chorus of dogs, yelping and barking their heads off on every side of the house. The gangster looked up in consternation as, through every window in the room, dogs of every size, shape and color began to pour; and more dogs filled the rest of the house through every opening. "What's going on here?" he yelled.

Chief Bradley rushed into the room, followed by a group of policemen. "Sorry, Mr. Miranda," he said. "Our dogs seemed to have barged in. We're rounding them up, now. Come on, boys, snap to it!"

Miranda shouted, "I'll have your shield for this!"

At this moment, a policeman entered and whispered in the chief's ear. Bradley smiled and turned to Miranda. "I don't figure you'll be doing much of anything in the future, Miranda. Officer Hanrahan tells me that the boys have seized all your files, and your gang surrendered. We've got enough evidence. Even if you get your files back—your lawyers may see to that—the squealers in your mob will sing enough to put you in cold storage for a long time. It looks like you've been doing a lot of things the Federal Government doesn't like. Your local connections won't help you even a little bit."

As Miranda was being led out, he shook his head. "How did those dogs break in here?" he moaned. "Why did they pick on this house?"

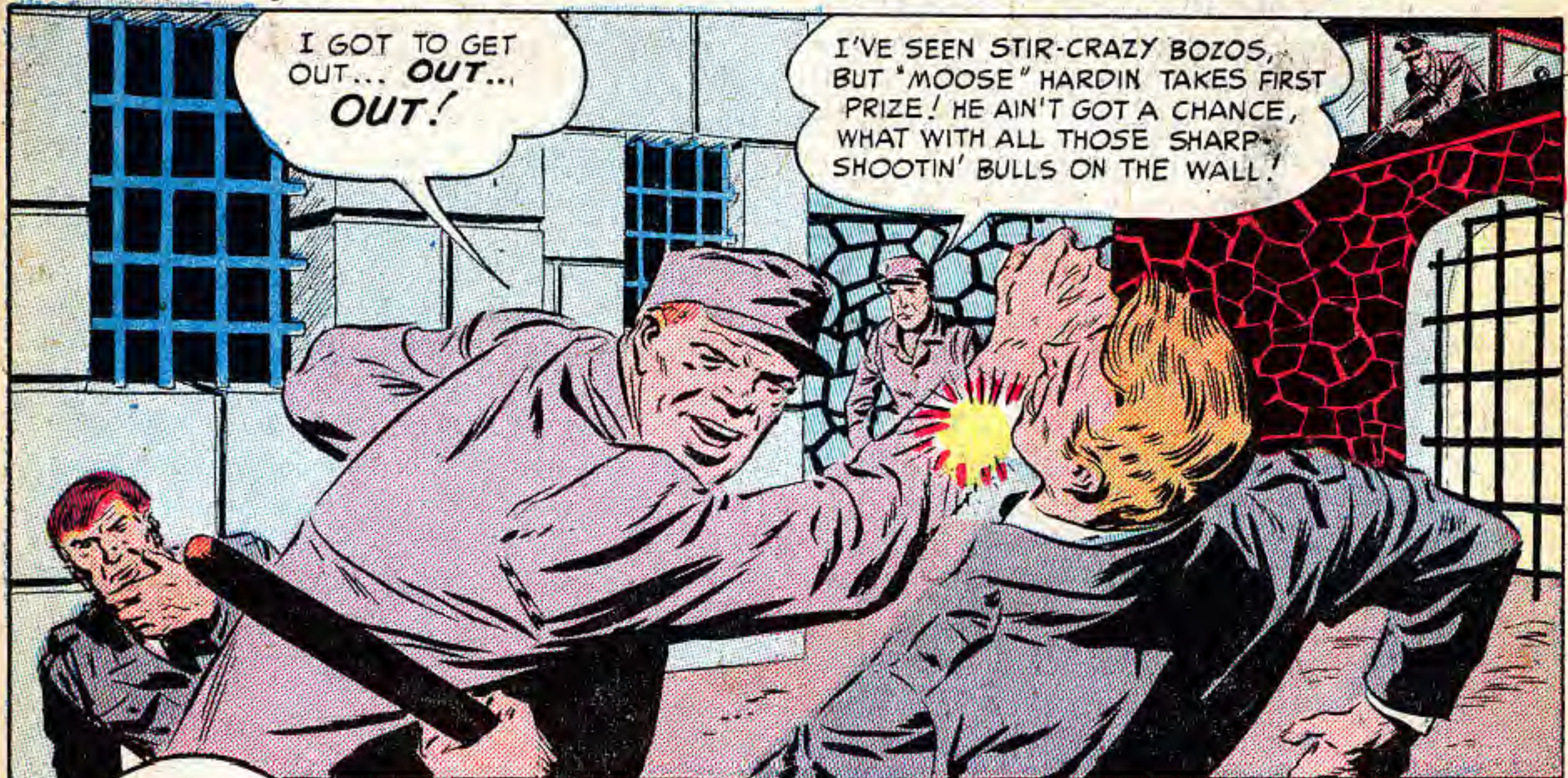
Chief Bradley smiled. "Maybe you never heard of the Marine Corps' supersonic whistle," he said. "It's so high-pitched that human ears can't hear it, but dogs can, perfectly." He waved to Paul. "Miranda, meet Sgt. Paul White, formerly Major White, US Marines, and soon to be Chief White of the Glendale Police force!"

THE END



# THE CRIME CLINIC

Starring DR. TOM ROGERS  
in MURDERER'S NIGHTMARE!



"JUSTICE, FREEDOM AND LIFE ITSELF WERE THE STAKES AS I PROBED THE SECRET THAT TERRIFIED CONVICT HENRY 'MOOSE' HARDIN, A MAN SO OBSESSED BY FEAR THAT HE CHOSE THE BLACK HOLE OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT RATHER THAN REVEAL HIS TELL-TALE, MURDEROUS...  
**NIGHTMARE!"**







"AND AS I WATCHED THE SCENE FROM MY OFFICE WINDOW, I, TOO, WONDERED ABOUT MOOSE..."

STRANGE! MOOSE HARDIN WAS ALWAYS A WELL-BEHAVED SWAGGERING CON. IT ISN'T LIKE HIM TO GO BERSERK! HE'S AFRAID OF SOMETHING... BUT WHAT?

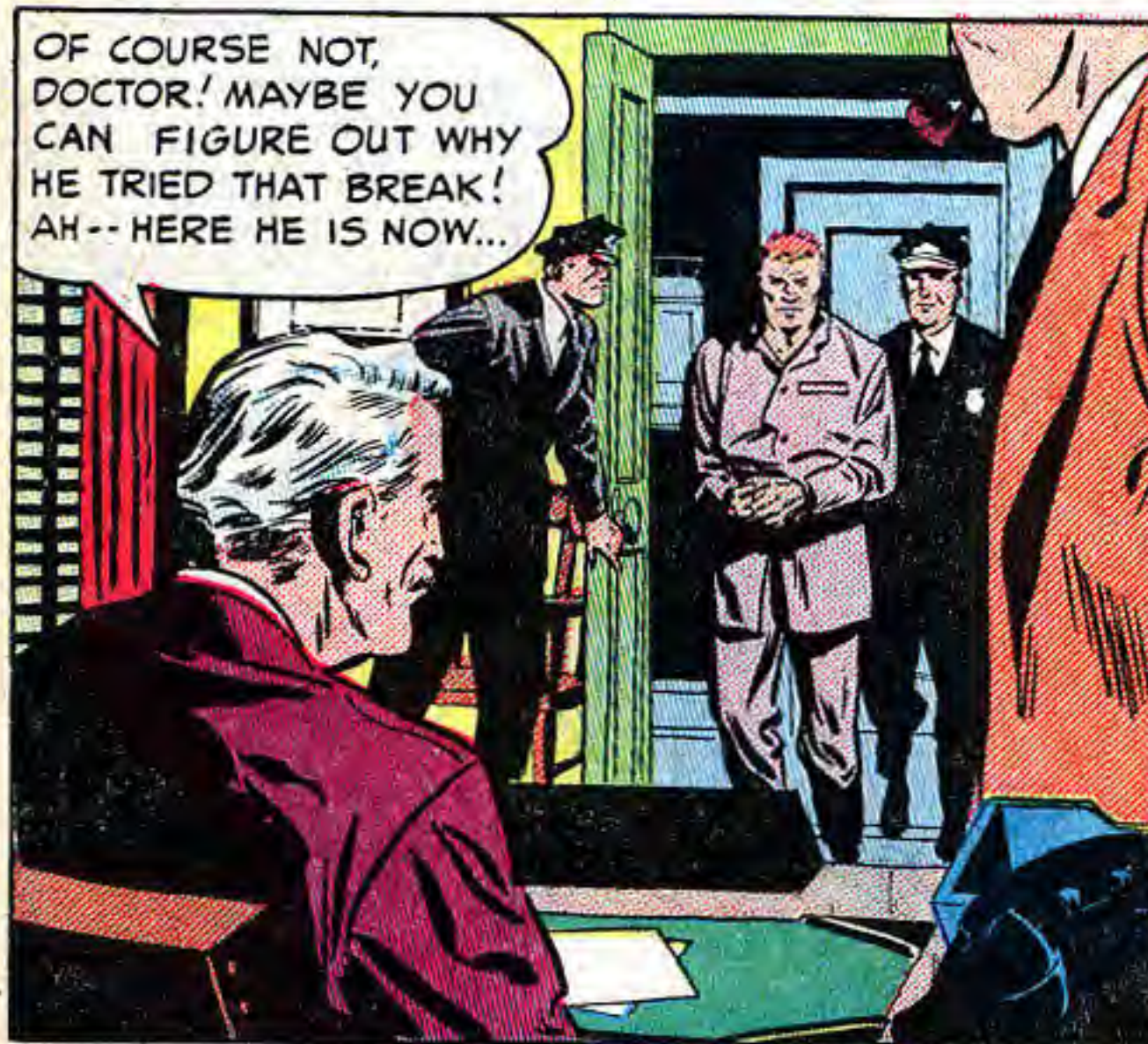


HELLO, DOCTOR. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

THEY'RE BRINGING MOOSE HARDIN TO YOU, WARDEN SIMMS. I'D LIKE TO SIT IN-- IF YOU DON'T MIND!



OF COURSE NOT, DOCTOR! MAYBE YOU CAN FIGURE OUT WHY HE TRIED THAT BREAK! AH-- HERE HE IS NOW...



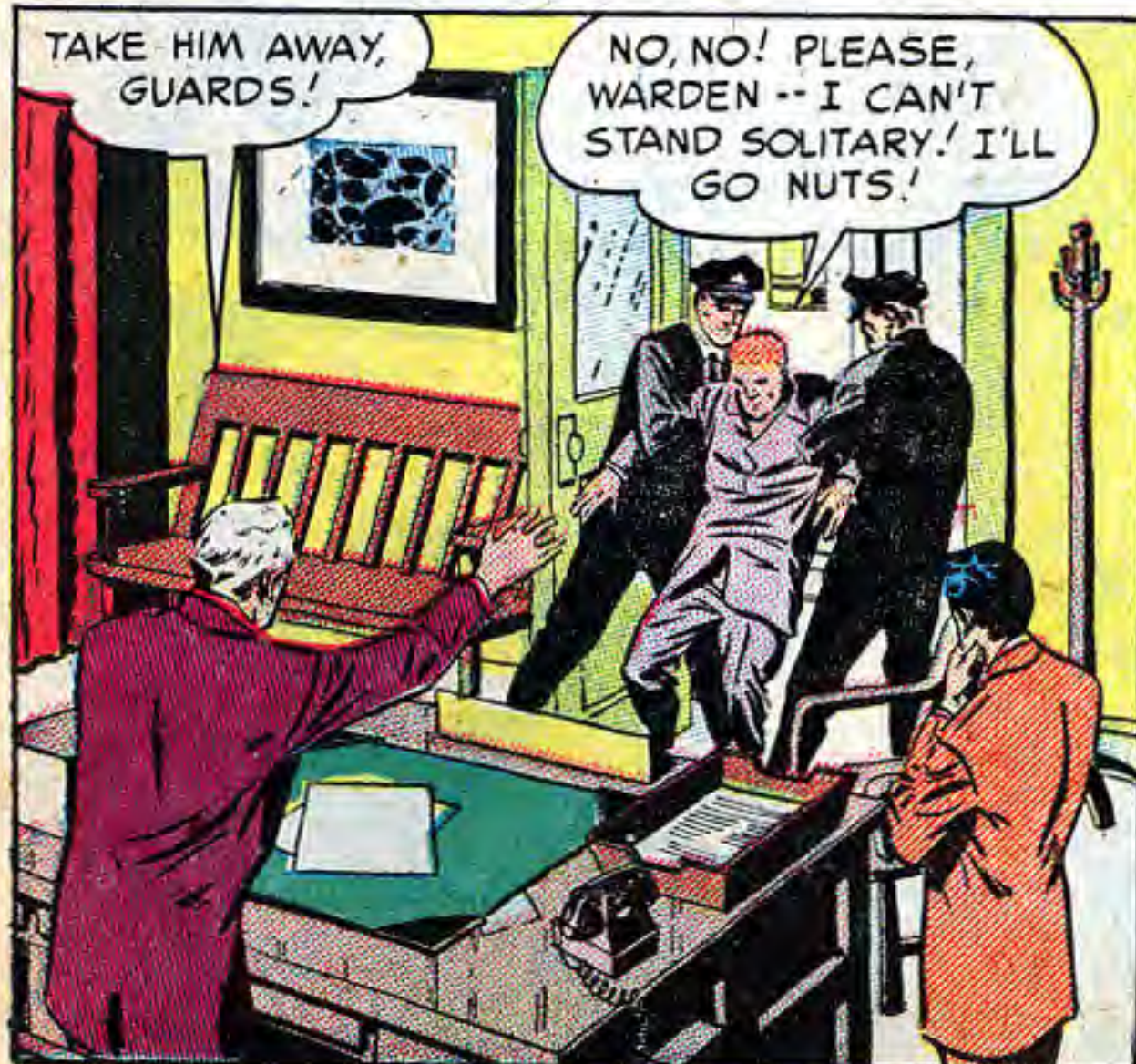
HARDIN, YOU'VE BEEN A MODEL PRISONER--UP 'TIL NOW, BUT YOU KNOW THE PENALTY FOR AN ATTEMPTED BREAK... SOLITARY CONFINEMENT...

NO, WARDEN, NO!!! NOT SOLITARY!! I COULDN'T STAND IT!



TAKE HIM AWAY, GUARDS!

NO, NO! PLEASE, WARDEN-- I CAN'T STAND SOLITARY! I'LL GO NUTS!



WARDEN, THERE'S SOMETHING VERY STRANGE ABOUT HARDIN'S BEHAVIOR. I'D LIKE TO VISIT HIM IN SOLITARY!

HE'S ALL YOURS, ROGERS!





"LATER..."

I WANT TO HELP YOU, HARDIN. WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?

AFRAID? WHO, ME? I AIN'T AFRAID OF NOTHIN', DOC!



SURE, YOU'RE AFRAID...AFRAID TO BE ALONE IN THE DARK. YOU'RE EVEN AFRAID OF WHAT MIGHT BE BEHIND YOU IN THE LIGHT...

NO! I HAD ENOUGH OF STIR, THAT'S ALL...

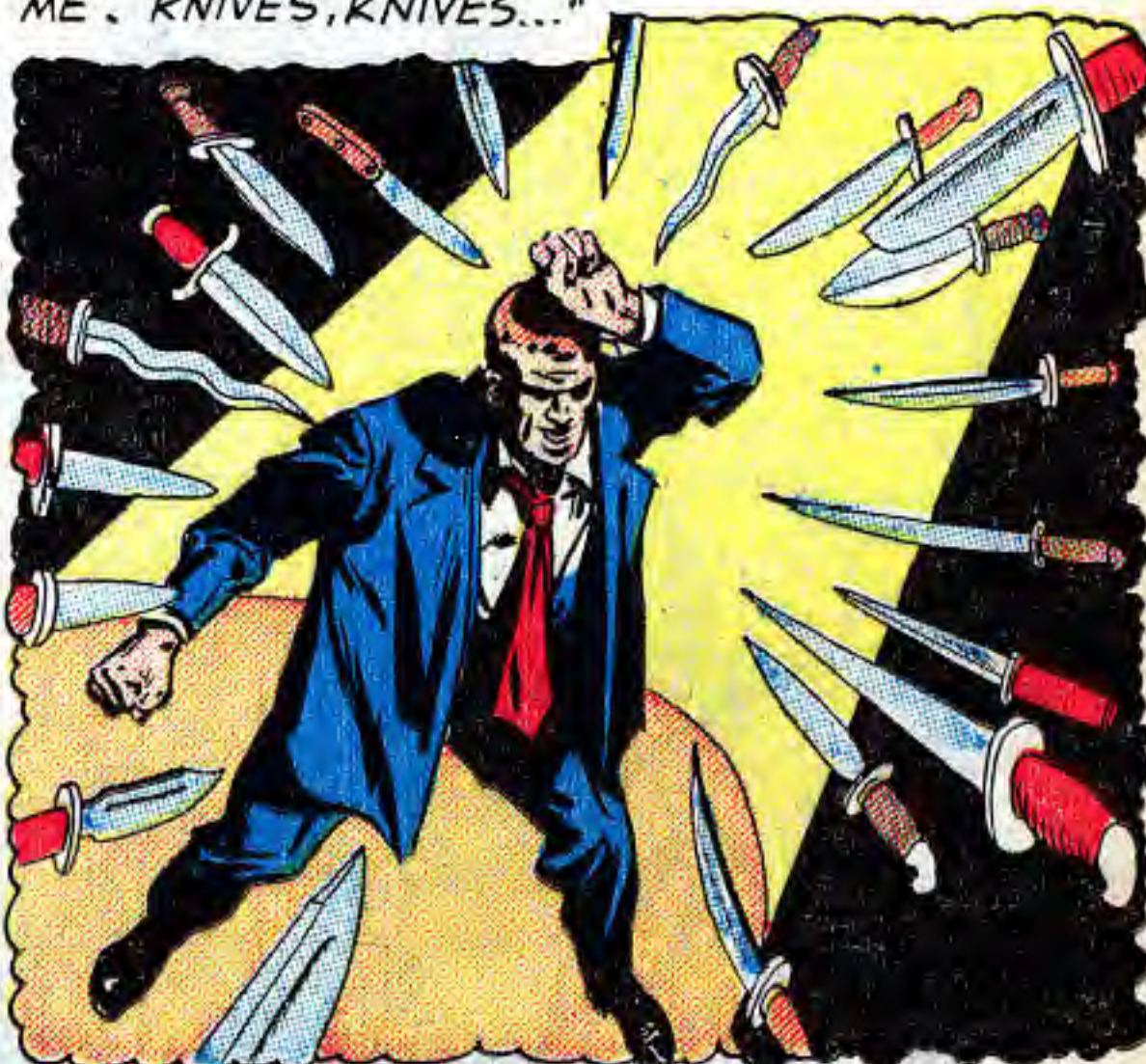


"BUT AT LAST, MY SYSTEMATIC PROBING BROKE THE CONVICT DOWN, AND..."

"WHAT DO I SEE, DOC? THINGS STABBIN' AT ME. KNIVES, KNIVES..."

ALL RIGHT, I'LL TELL YOU. IT'S THOSE NIGHTMARES! I GOTTA GET OUTA HERE... AWAY FROM THE NIGHTMARES...

NIGHTMARES, HARDIN? TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU SEE IN YOUR NIGHTMARES?



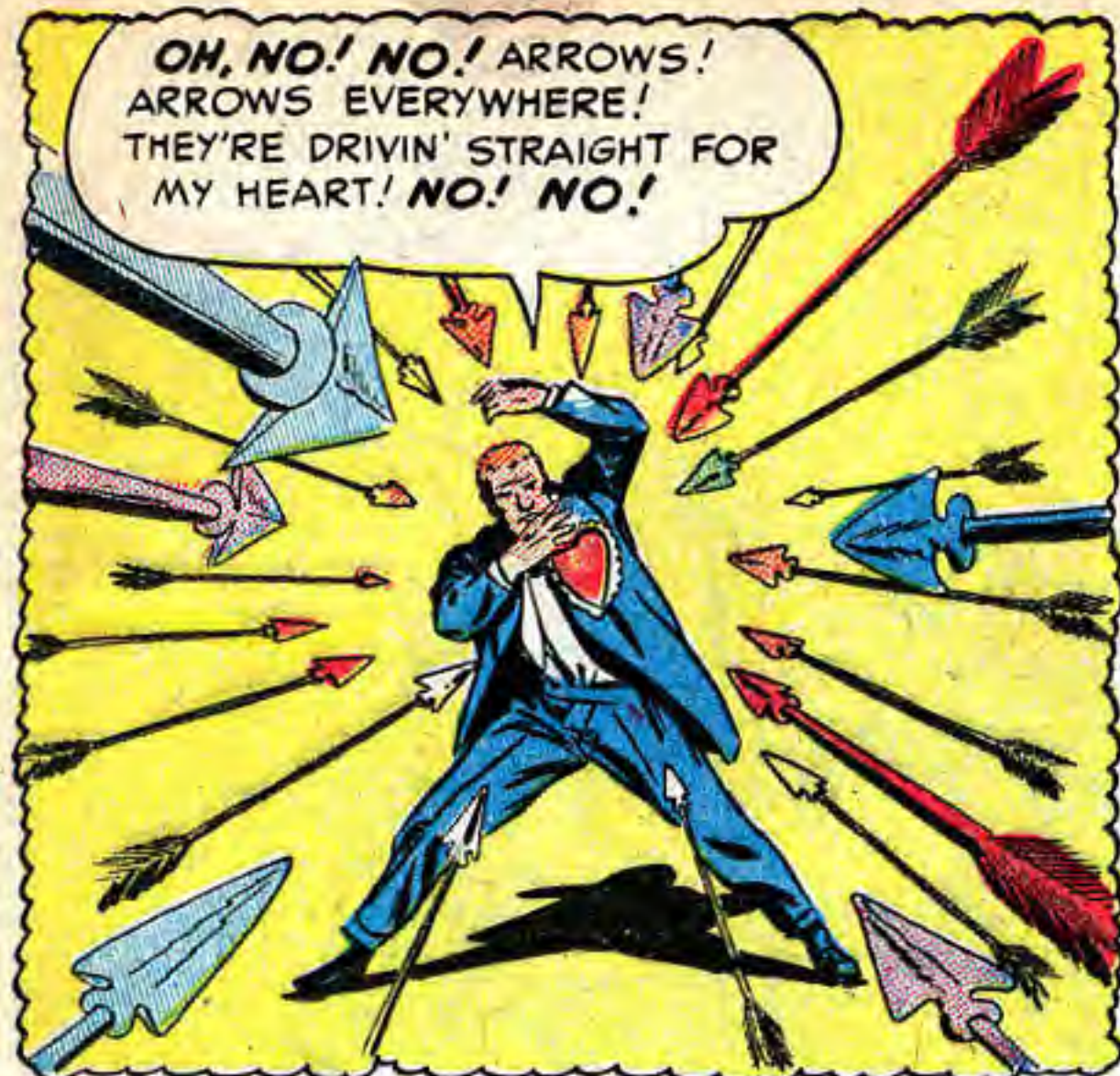
EVERYTHING STABBIN' AT ME! EVEN NOISES STABBIN' MY EARS. STABBIN', STABBIN', STABBIN'!



PROWL CAR SPOTLIGHTS STABBIN' ME -- LIKE KNIVES... LIKE LONG, SHARP KNIVES!!







OH, NO! NO! ARROWS!  
ARROWS EVERYWHERE!  
THEY'RE DRIVIN' STRAIGHT FOR  
MY HEART! NO! NO!



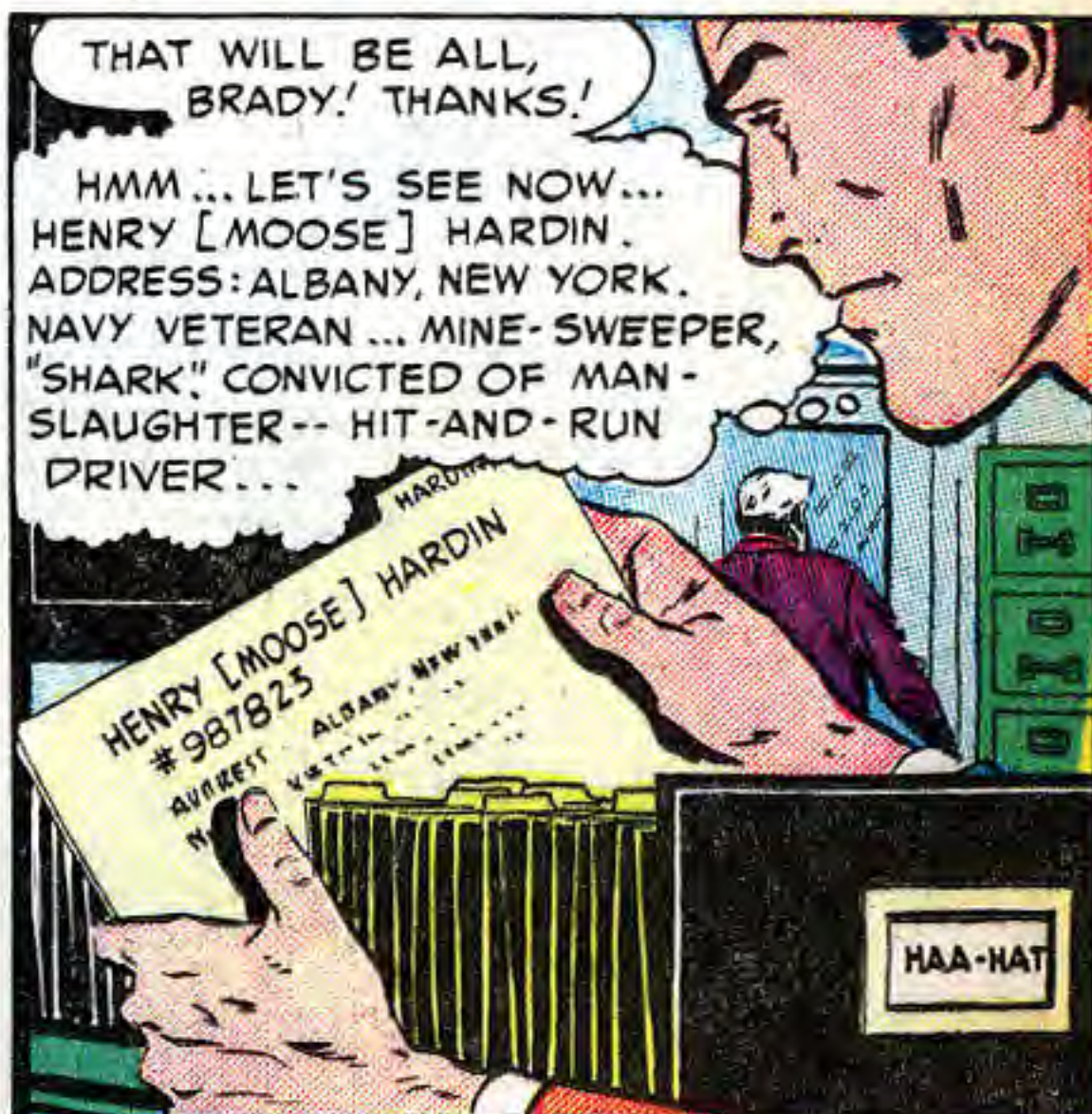
YOU GOTTA SPRING ME,  
DOC! I GOTTA GET AWAY FROM  
THE NIGHTMARES. I CAN'T  
STAND IT IN STIR! GET ME  
OUT! **GET ME OUT!**

HARDIN, ALL I  
CAN PROMISE  
IS TO TAKE UP  
YOUR CASE WITH  
THE WARDEN!

"AND LATER IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE..."

THE PRISONER'S NIGHT-  
MARES INDICATE A GUILT  
COMPLEX WHICH COULD  
DRIVE HIM INSANE. I'D  
LIKE TO LOOK AT HIS  
RECORD.

SEE BRADY IN THE  
CRIMINAL FILES  
ROOM, DOCTOR.  
HE'LL GIVE YOU A  
HAND!



THAT WILL BE ALL,  
BRADY! THANKS!

HMM... LET'S SEE NOW...  
HENRY [MOOSE] HARDIN.  
ADDRESS: ALBANY, NEW YORK.  
NAVY VETERAN... MINE-SWEEPER,  
"SHARK," CONVICTED OF MAN-  
SLAUGHTER-- HIT-AND-RUN  
DRIVER...

HARDIN  
HENRY [MOOSE] HARDIN  
#987825  
ALBANY, NEW YORK

HAA-HAT

HIS GUILT **COULD**  
STEM FROM THIS  
EXPERIENCE, BUT IT  
DOESN'T EXPLAIN THE  
KNIVES-- THE ARROWS.  
NO, IT GOES DEEPER! I'D  
BETTER TALK TO HIS  
FOREMAN AT THE  
PRISON FOUNDRY...



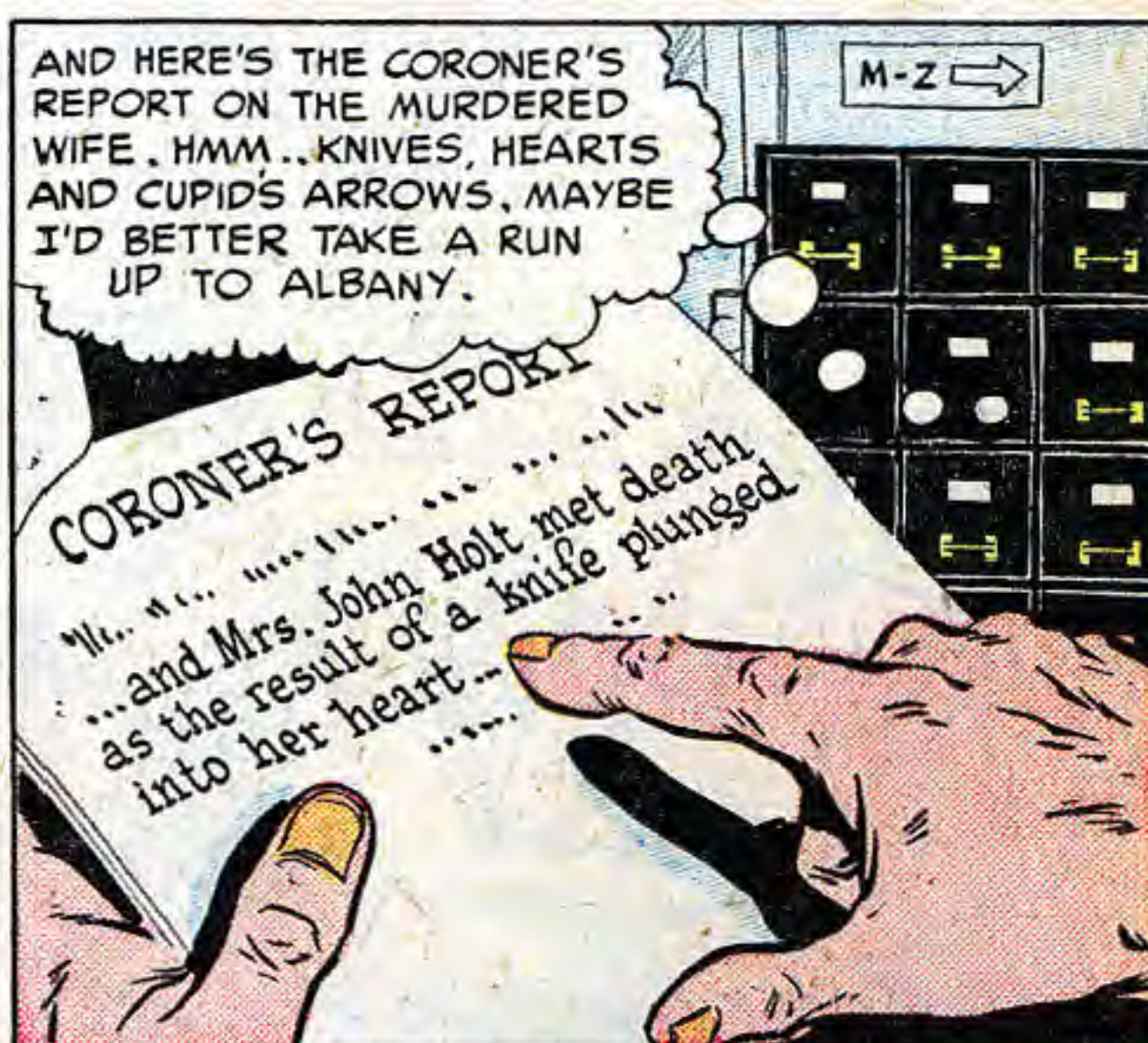
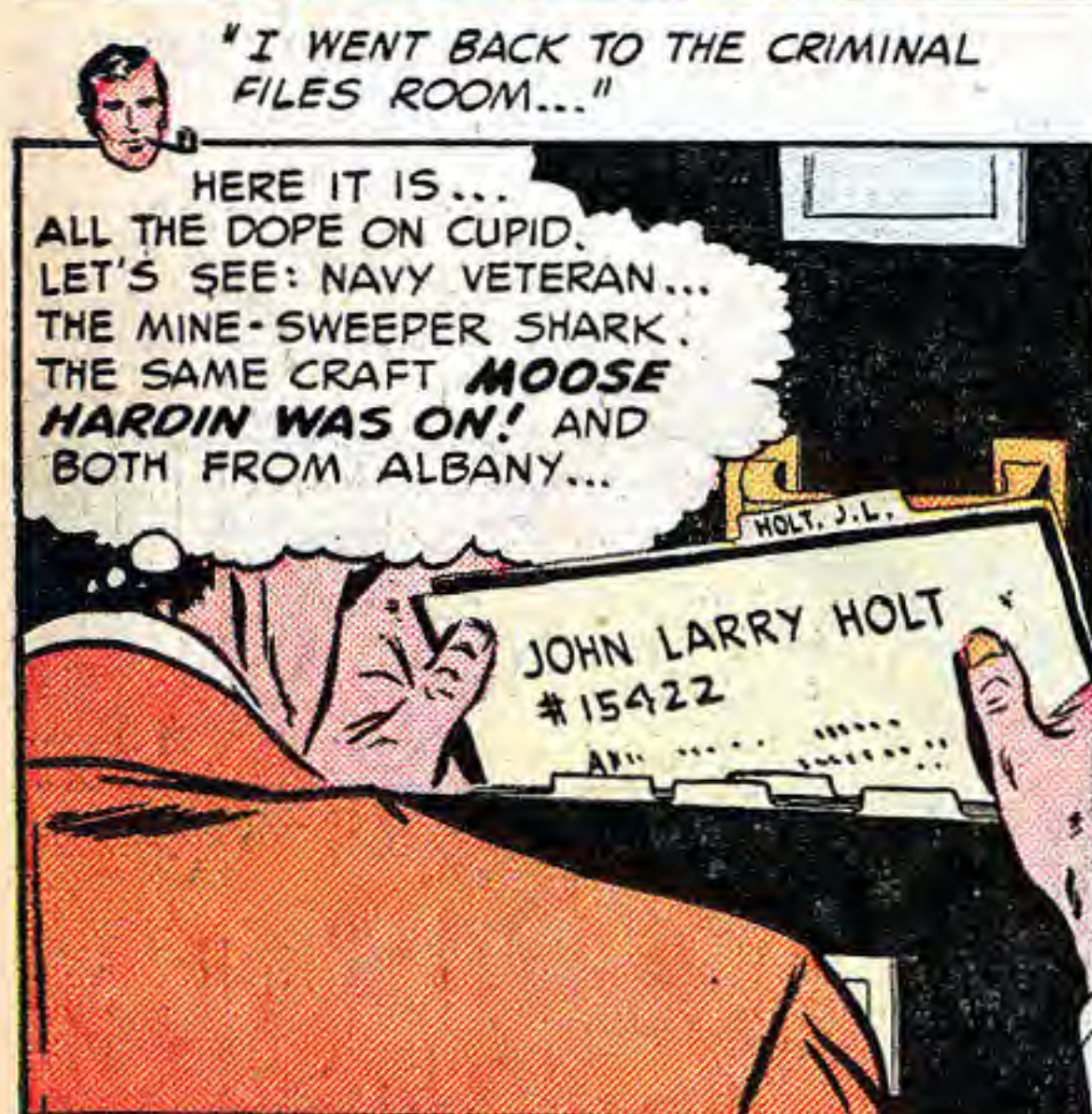
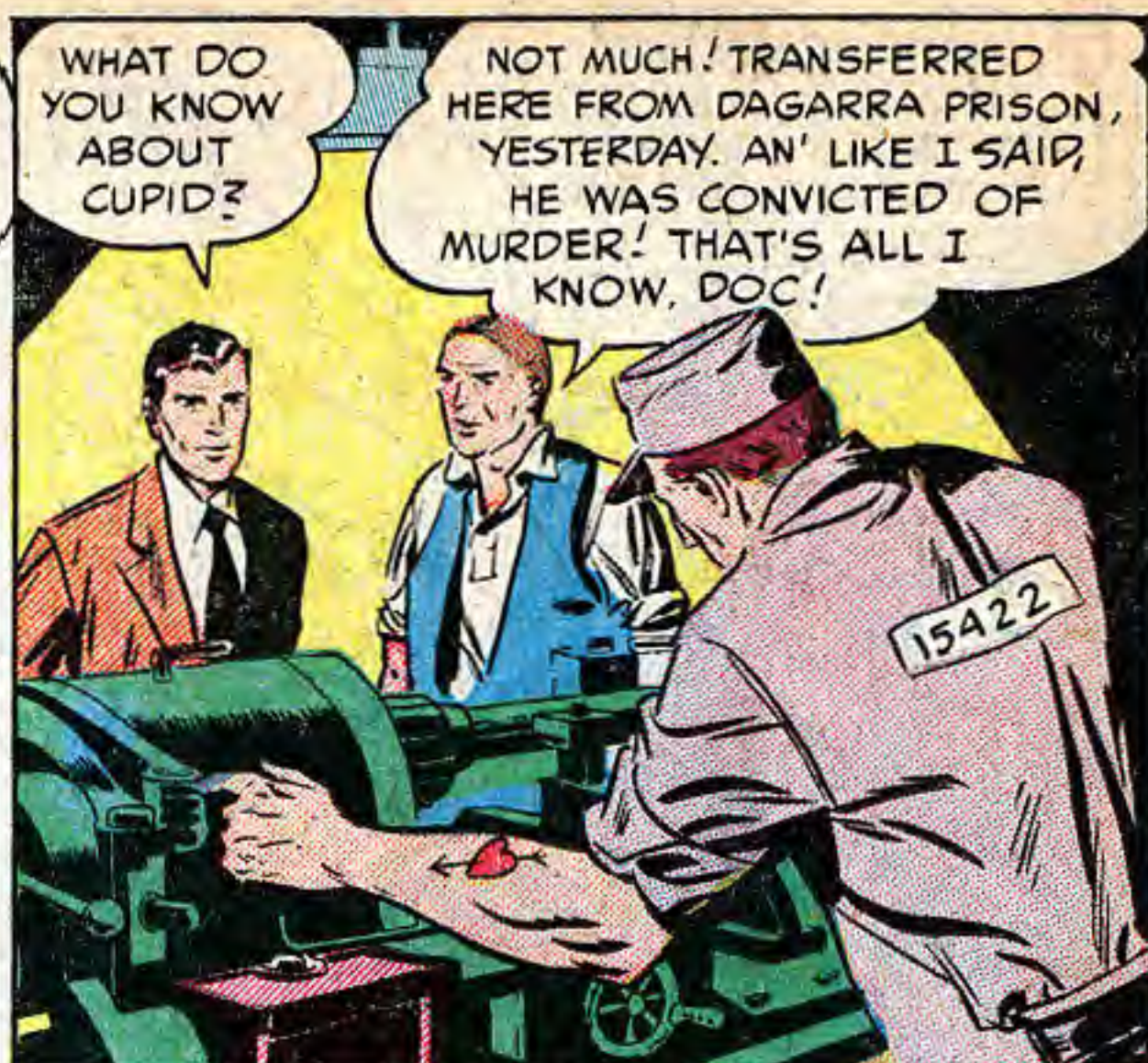
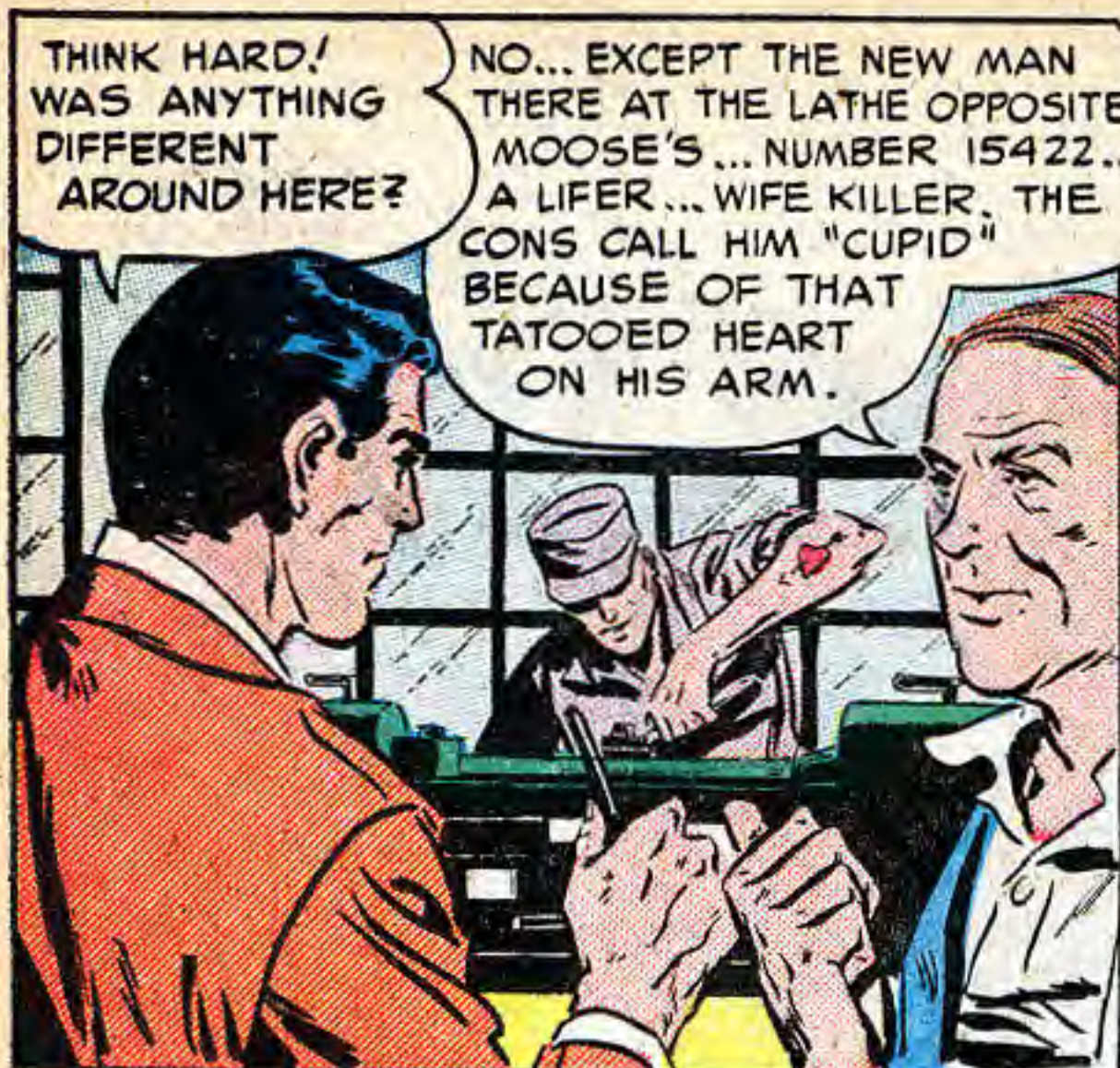
"THAT AFTERNOON..."

AS MOOSE HARDIN'S  
FOREMAN, HAVE YOU  
NOTICED ANYTHING  
UNUSUAL IN HIS  
CONDUCT LATELY?

NO, DOC! JUST  
ALL AT ONCE HE  
BLEW HIS TOP AND  
RAN OFF THE  
JOB!



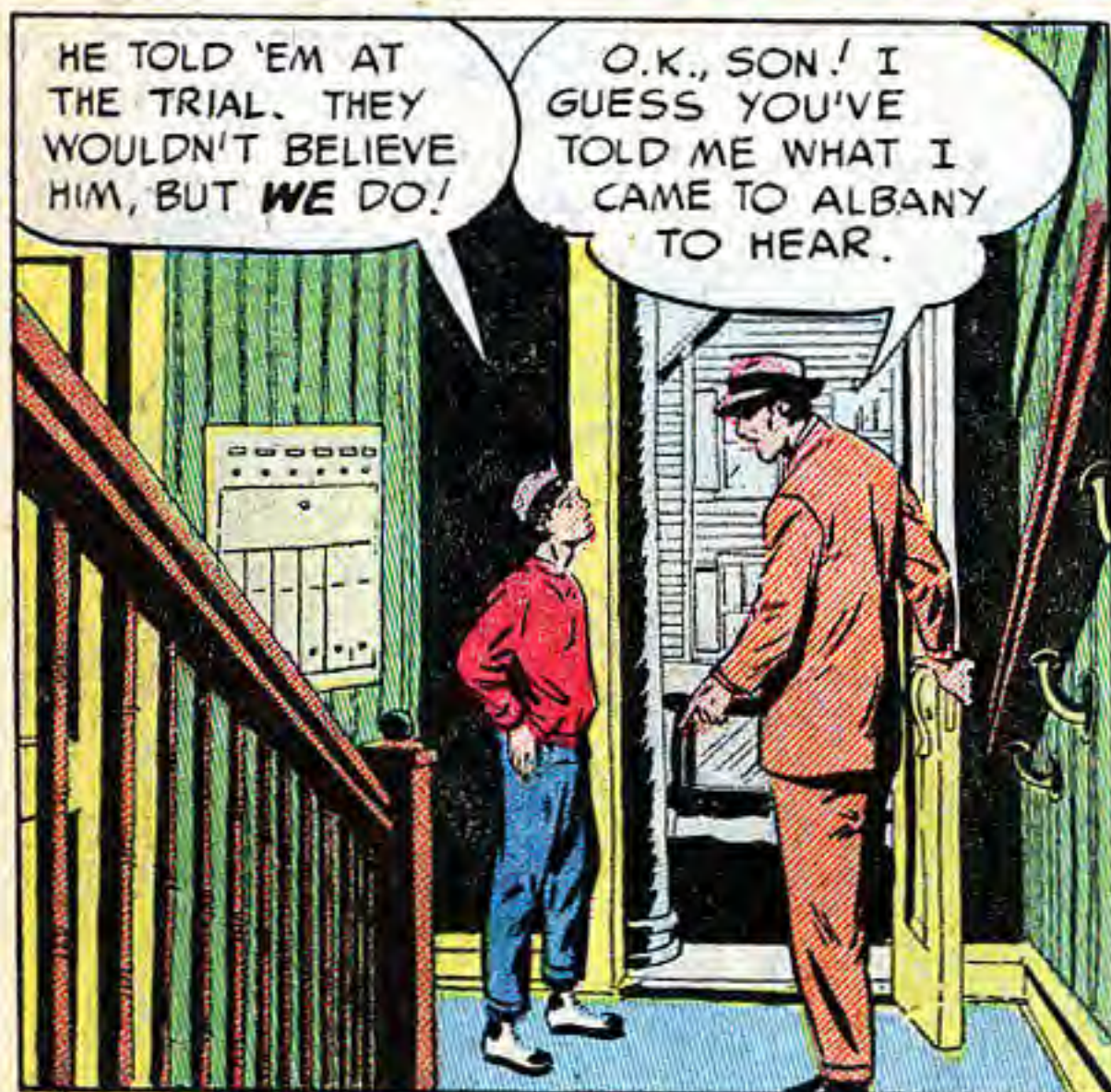




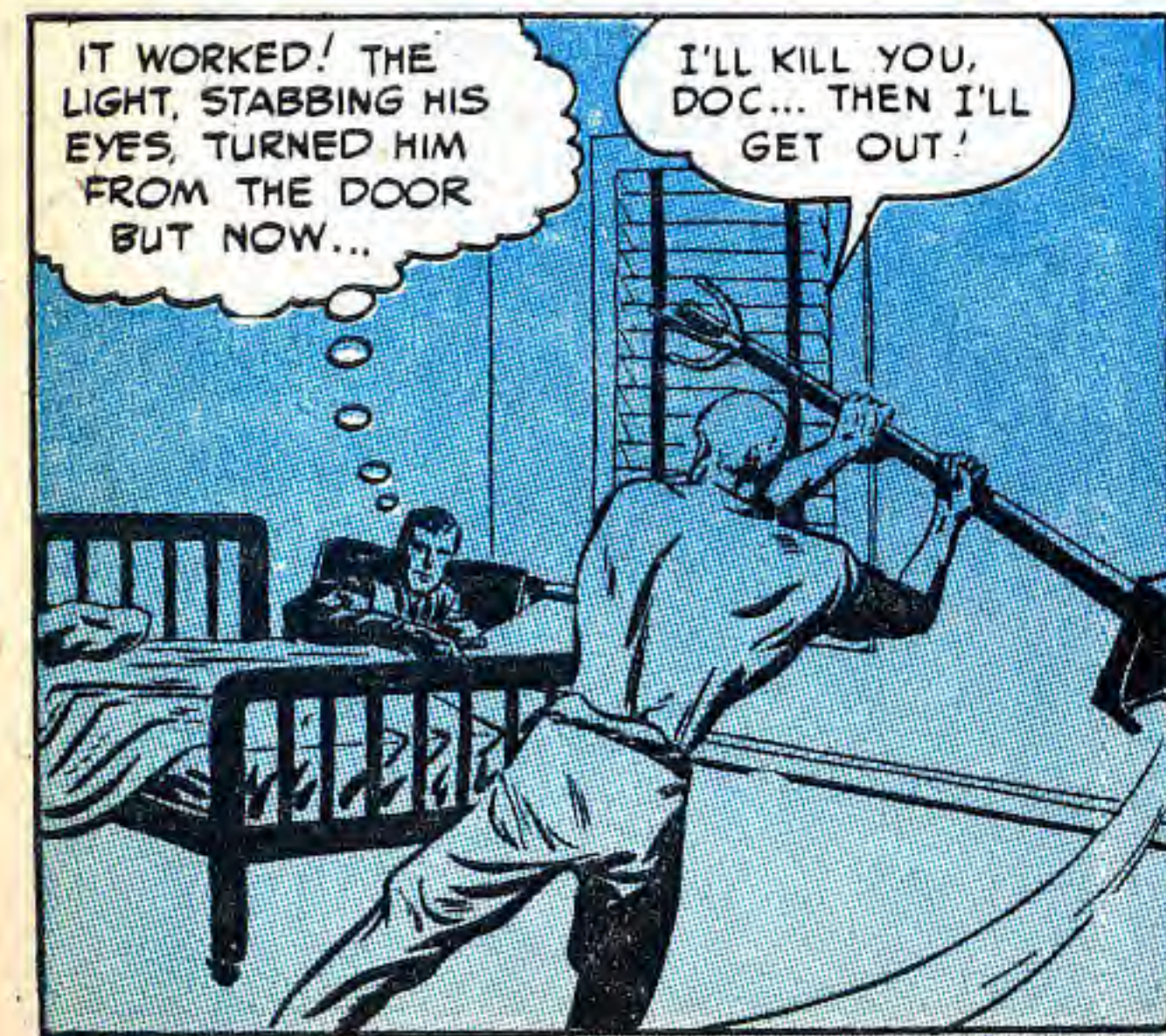




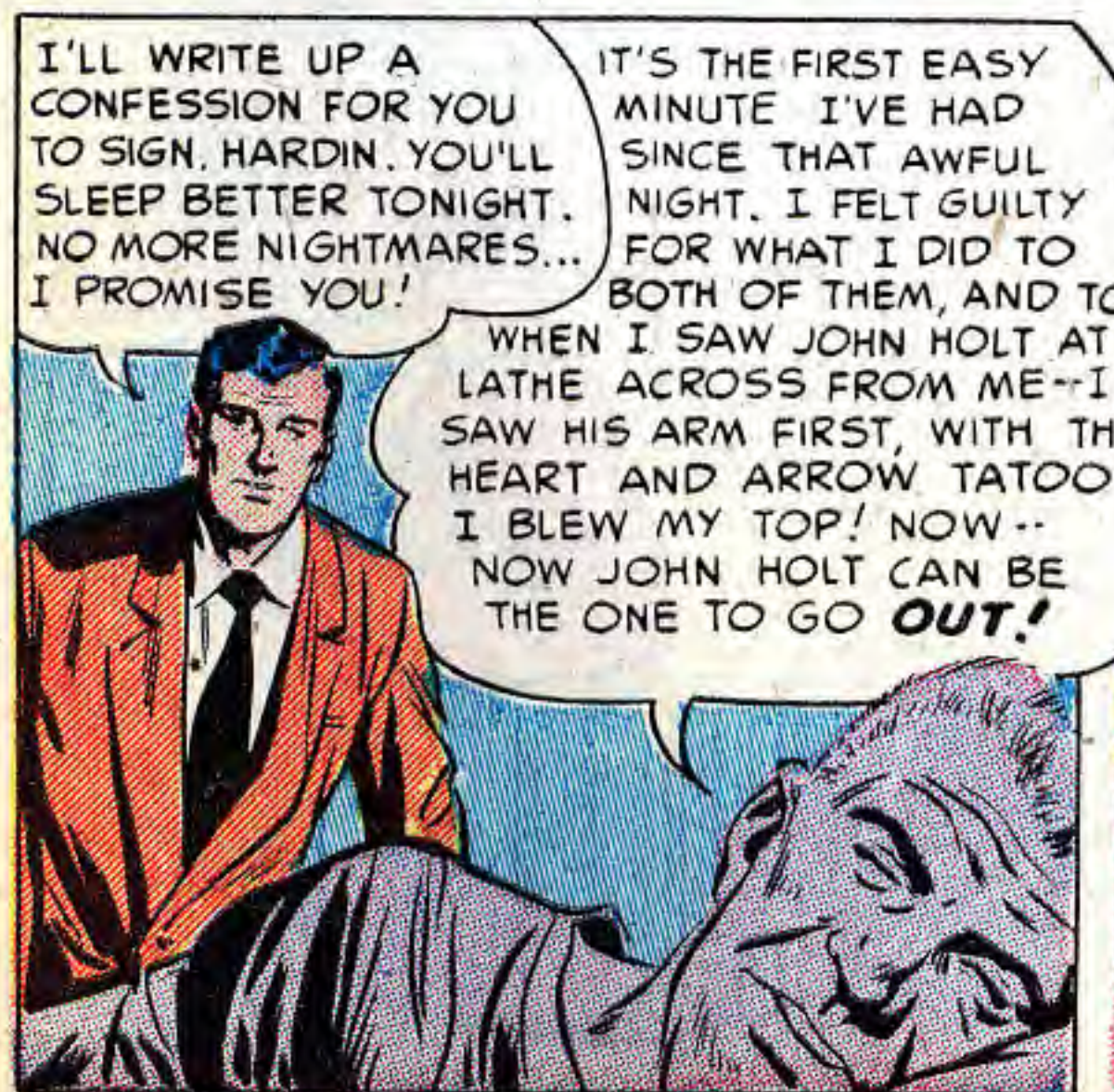
"THE MORNING SPED BY, AND STILL I HAD NO INFORMATION, BUT THEN, AS I ENTERED AN APARTMENT HOUSE..."





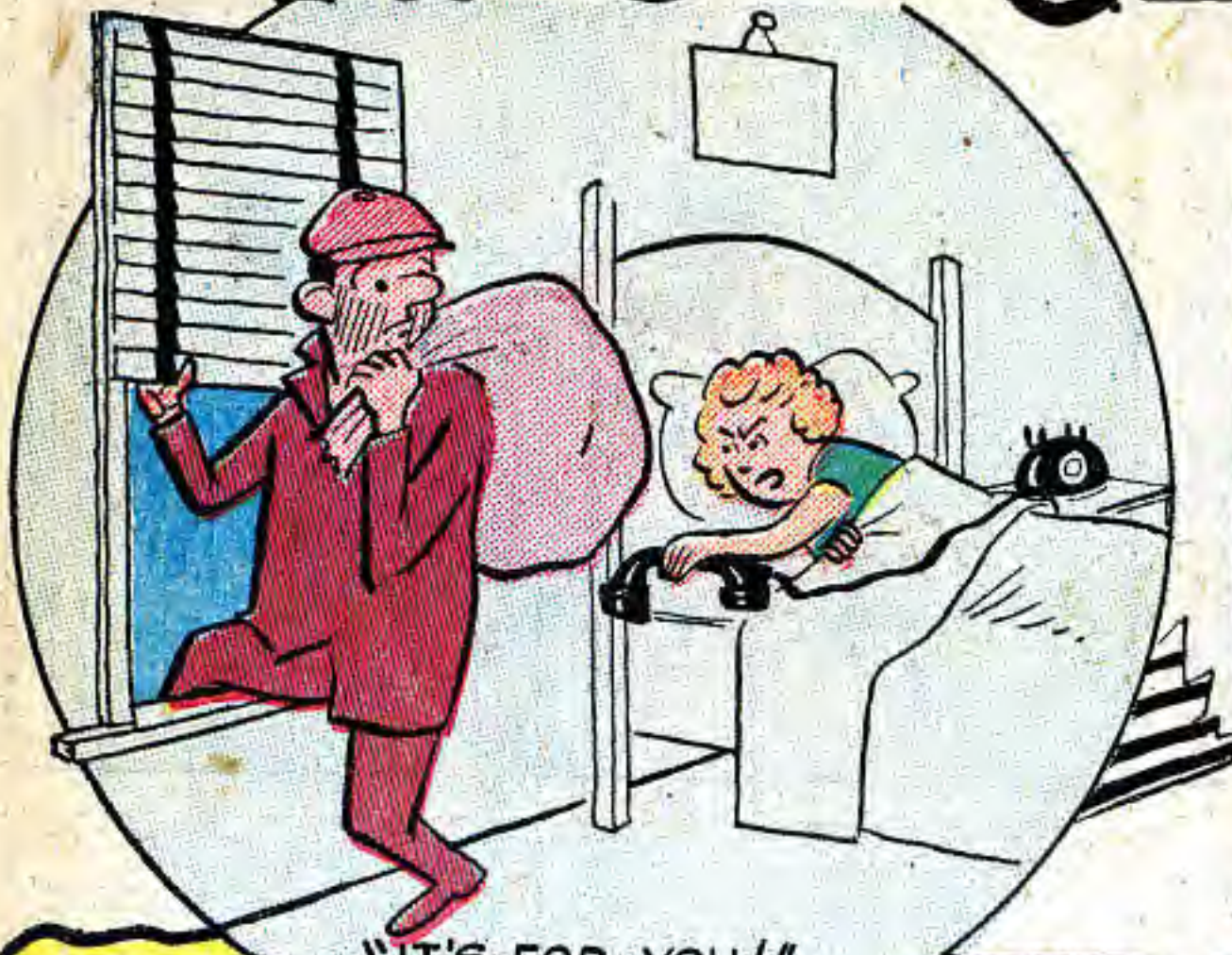




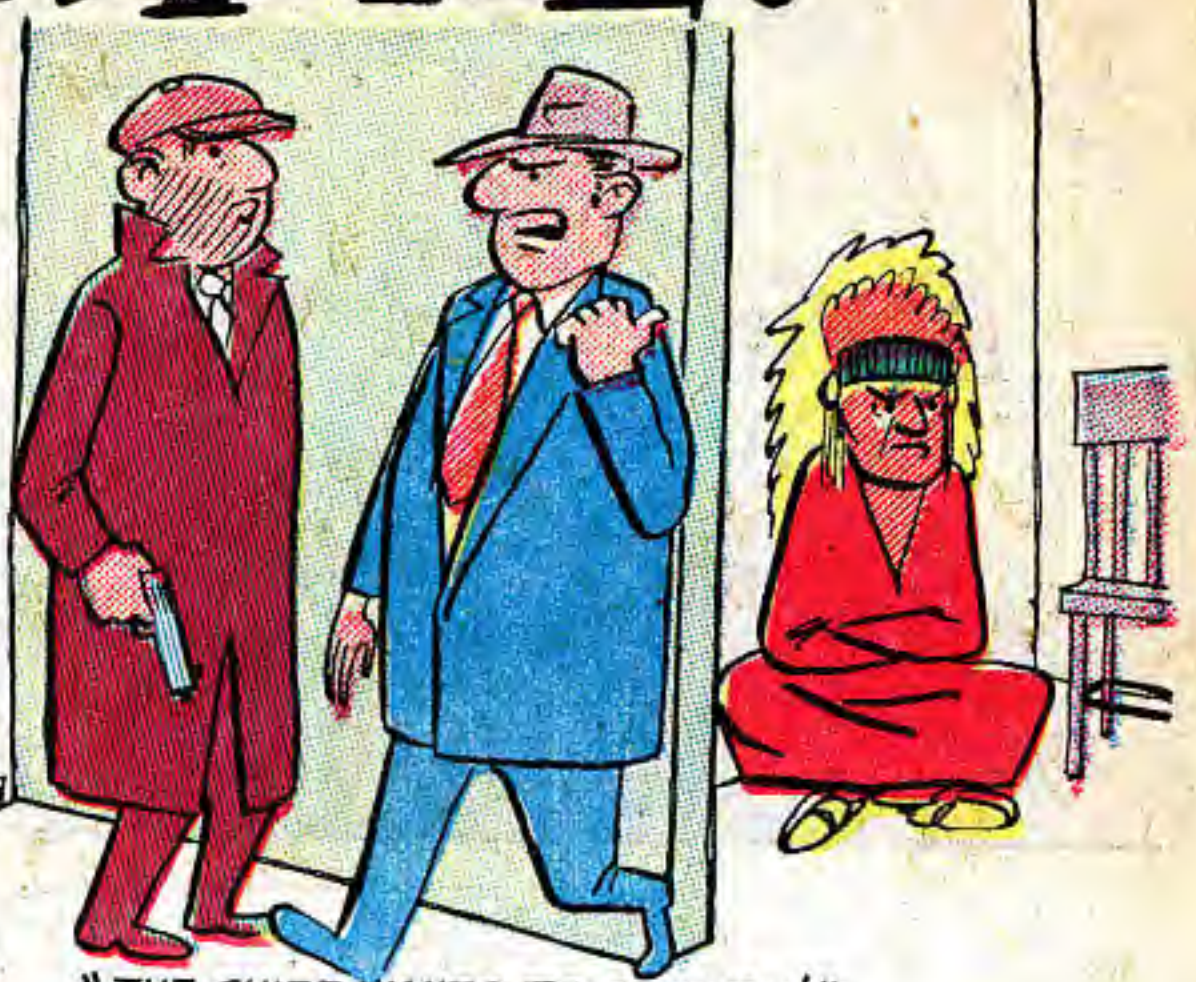




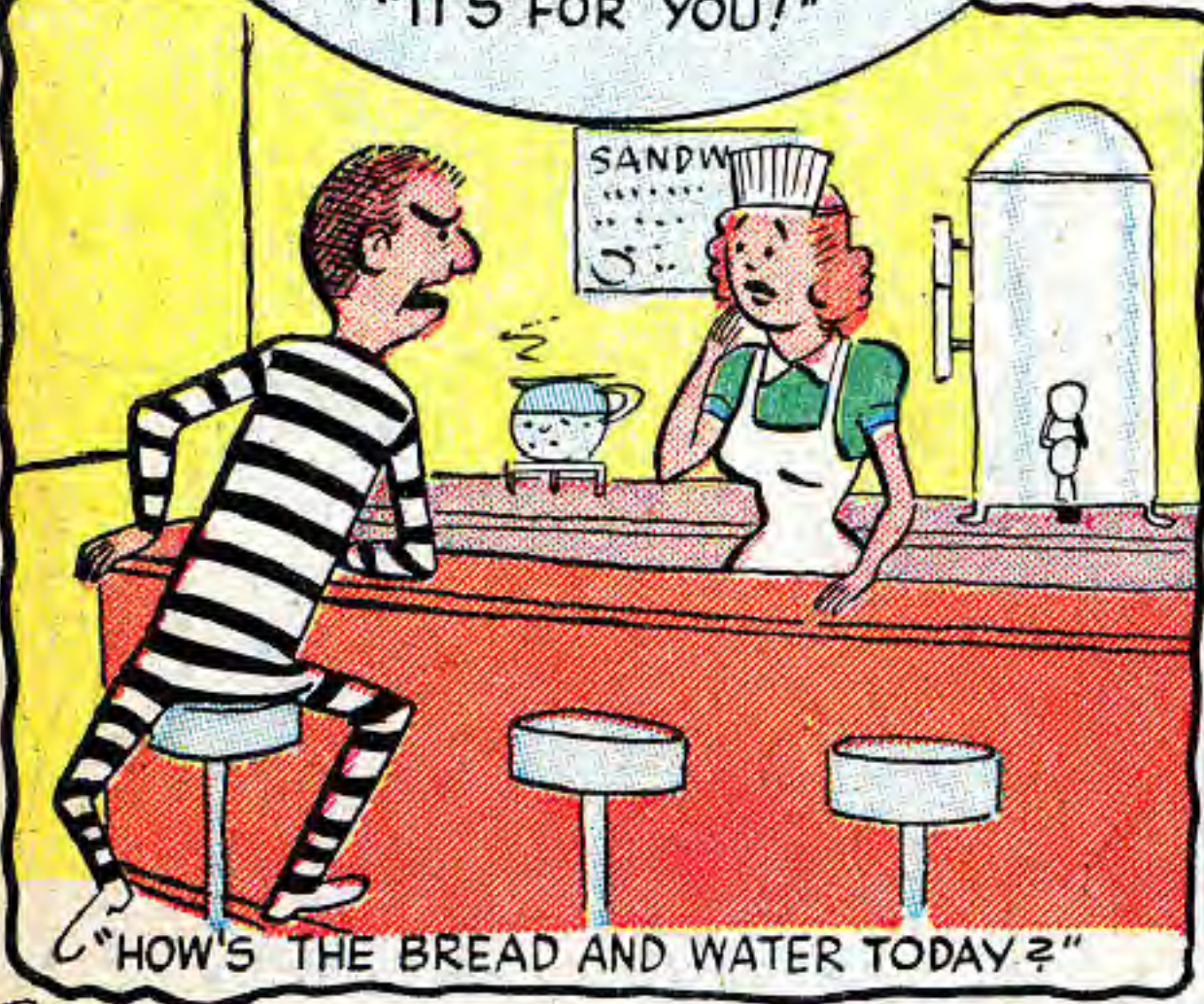
# IT'S *a* CRIME!



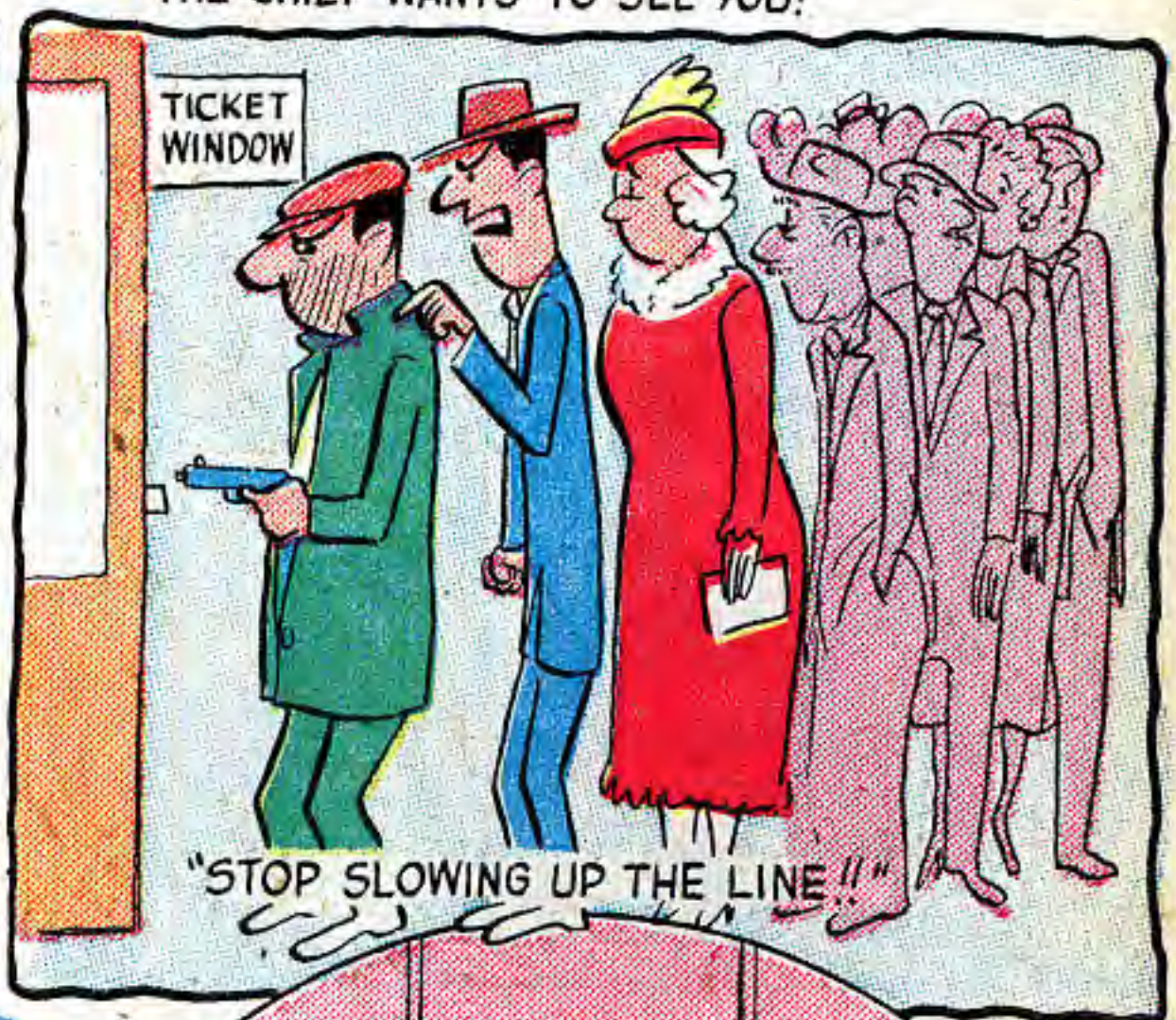
"IT'S FOR YOU!"



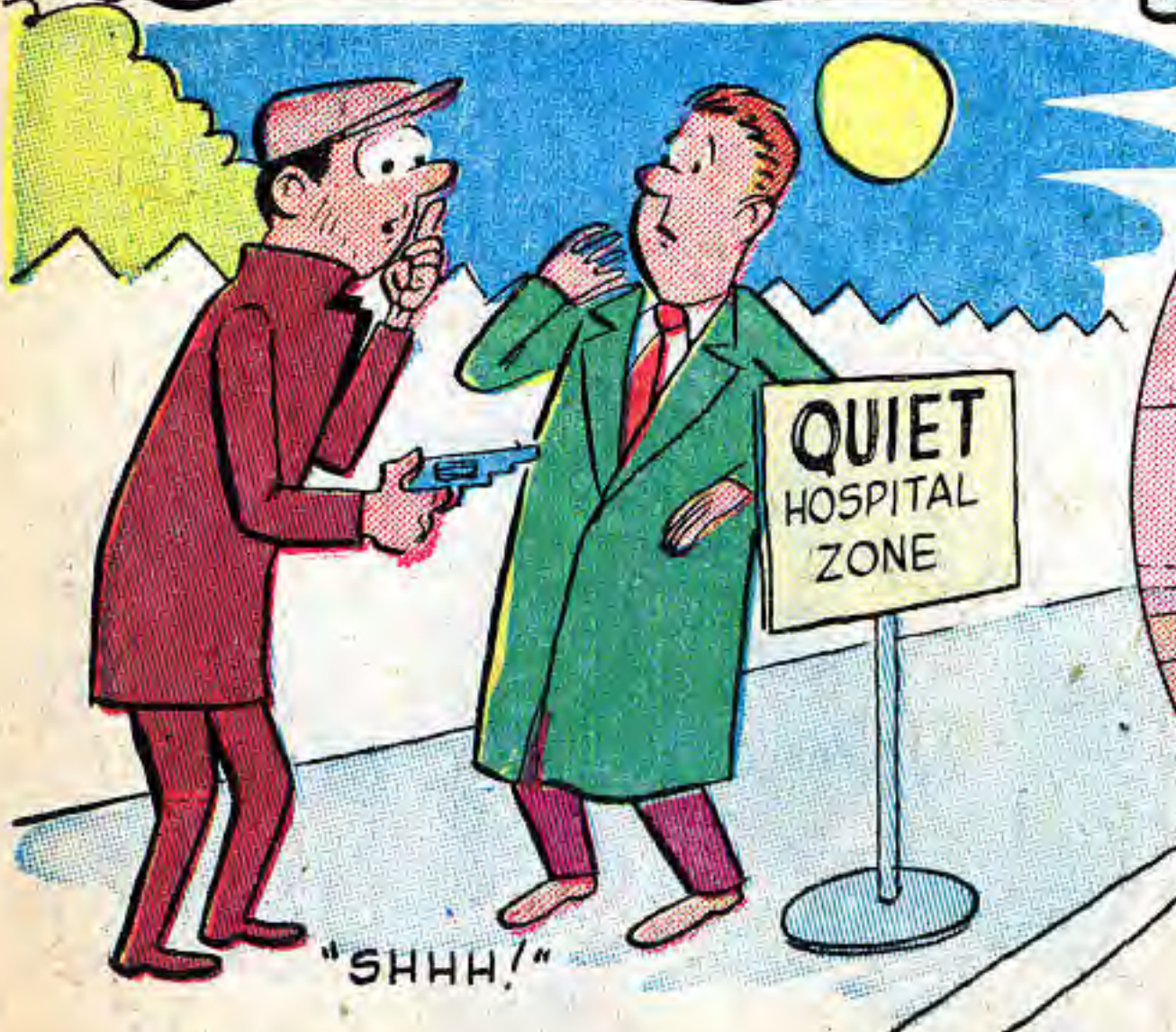
"THE CHIEF WANTS TO SEE YOU!"



"HOW'S THE BREAD AND WATER TODAY?"



"STOP SLOWING UP THE LINE!!"



"SHHH!"



LITMAN



# SLIPPERY SLIM

in  
SPRING FEVER

BOY, WHAT A PUSH-OVER  
DAT GARAGE WAS! DERE MUST  
BE AT LEAST TWO T'OUSAND  
BUCKS IN CASH HERE!



OPEN UP, SLIPPERY!!  
IT'S THE POLICE!  
WE KNOW YOU'RE  
IN THERE!

UH-OH!  
DE COPPERS!!

BAM!  
BAM!



THIS IS THE 8TH FLOOR, AND WE'VE  
GOT THE ONLY DOOR COVERED! HE  
CAN'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!!

I DON'T  
KNOW! HE'S  
PRETTY  
TRICKY!

THEY'RE DARN  
RIGHT, I'M TRICKY!  
JUST 'WAIT'LL  
DEY SEE HOW I  
GET OUTA  
DIS ONE!

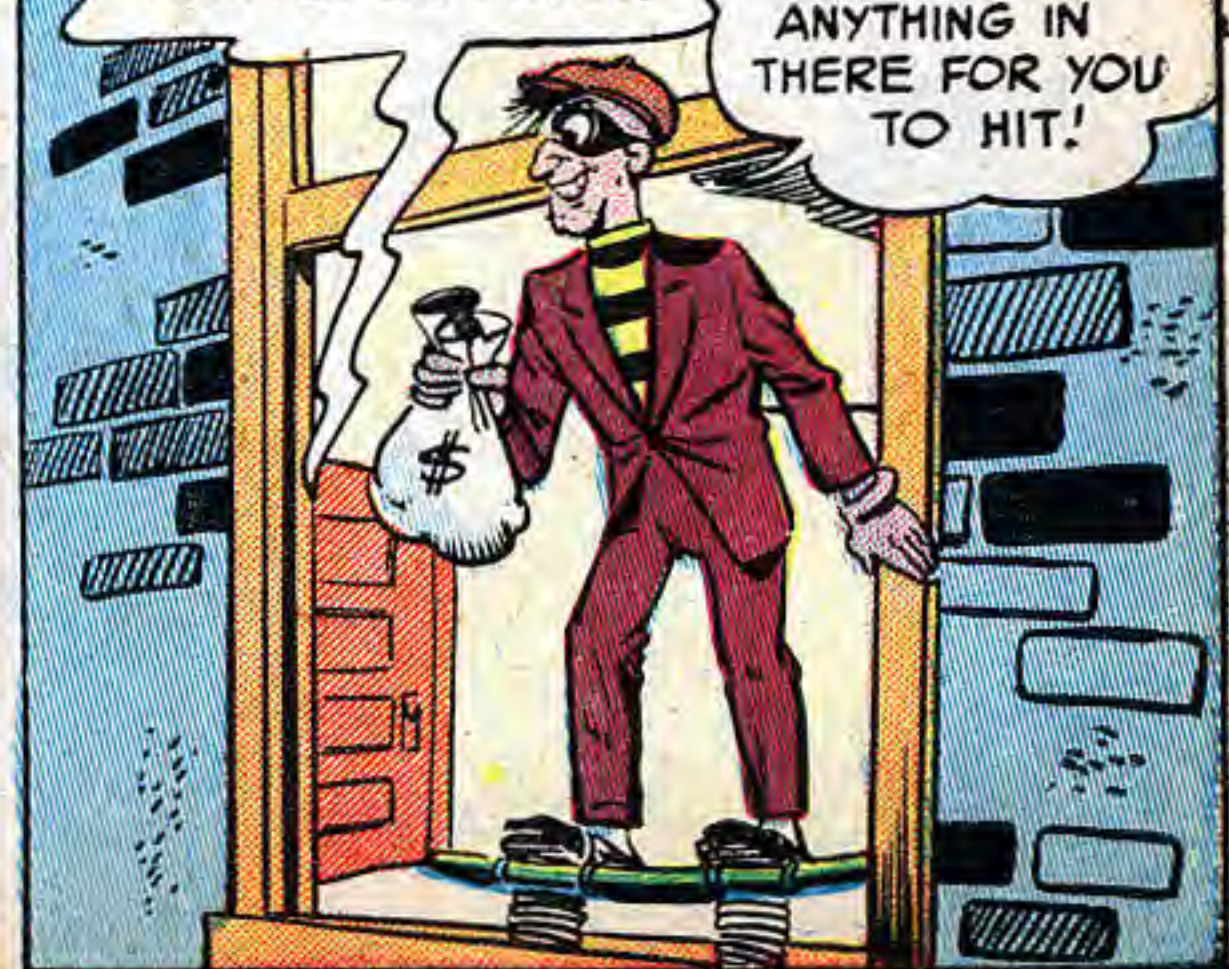


DESE AUTO SPRINGS. I SWIPED FROM  
DE GARAGE WILL COME IN MIGHTY  
HANDY! HEH! HEH! DEY'LL  
NEVER GET SLIPPERY SLIM!

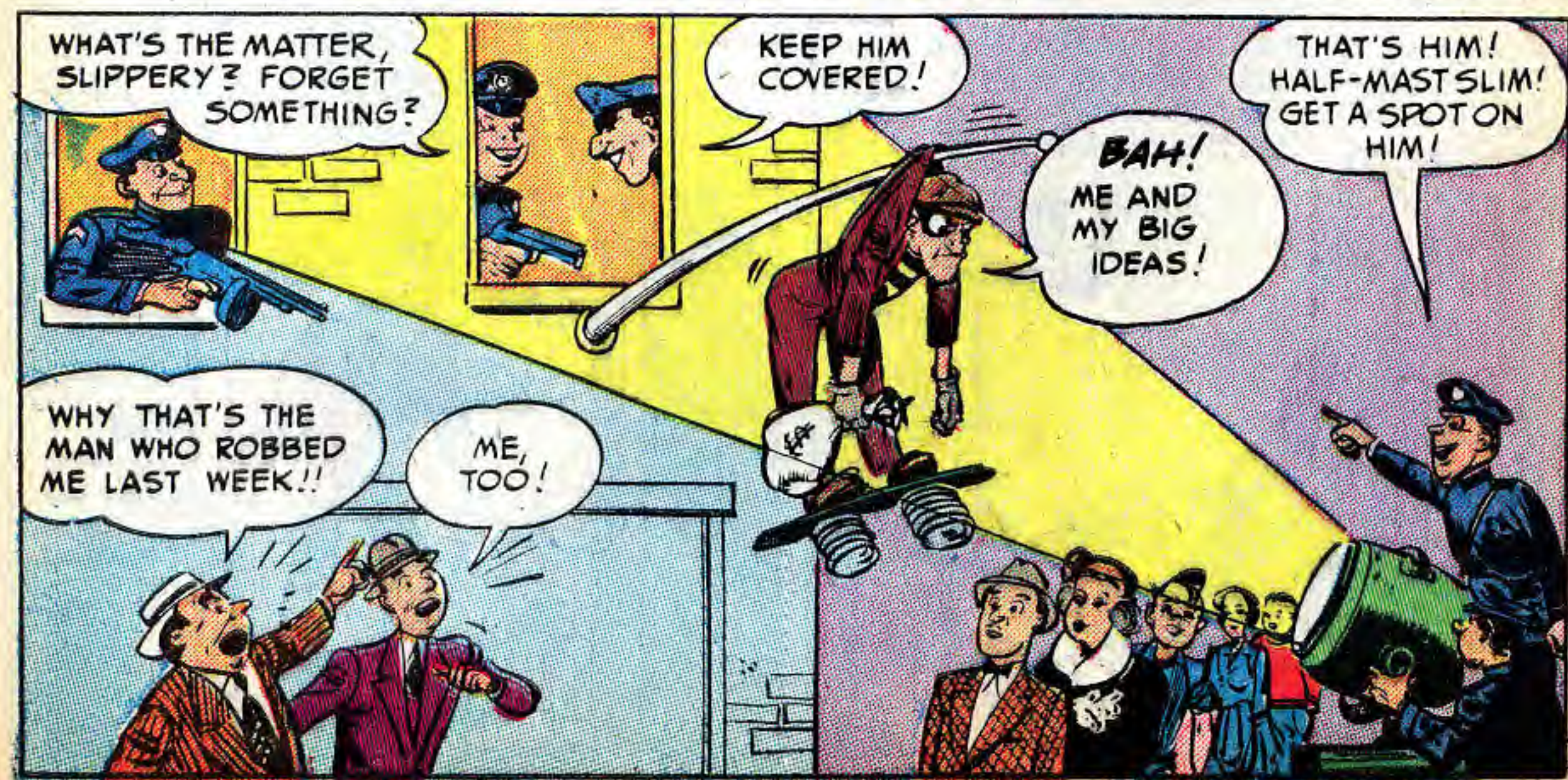
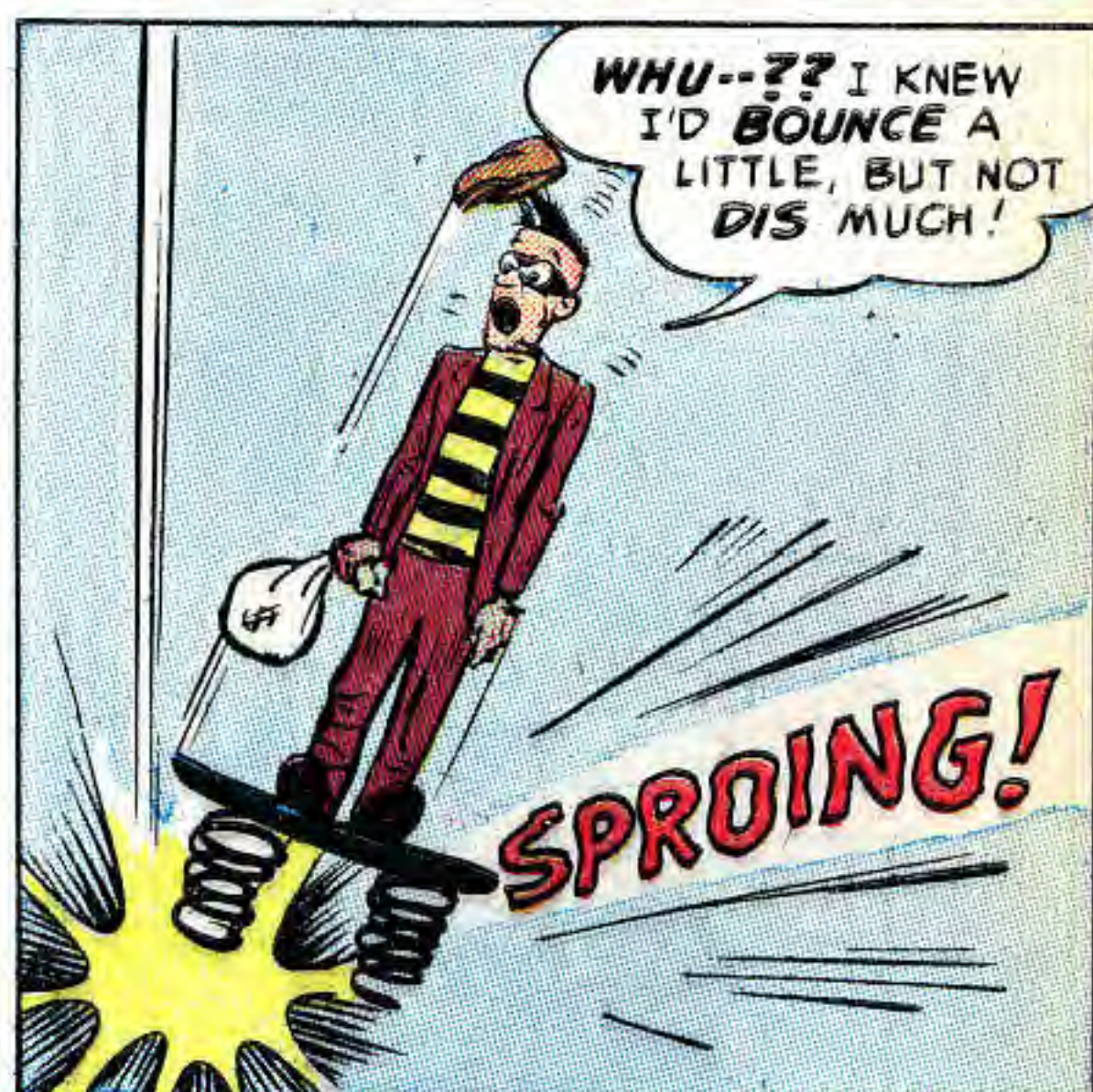
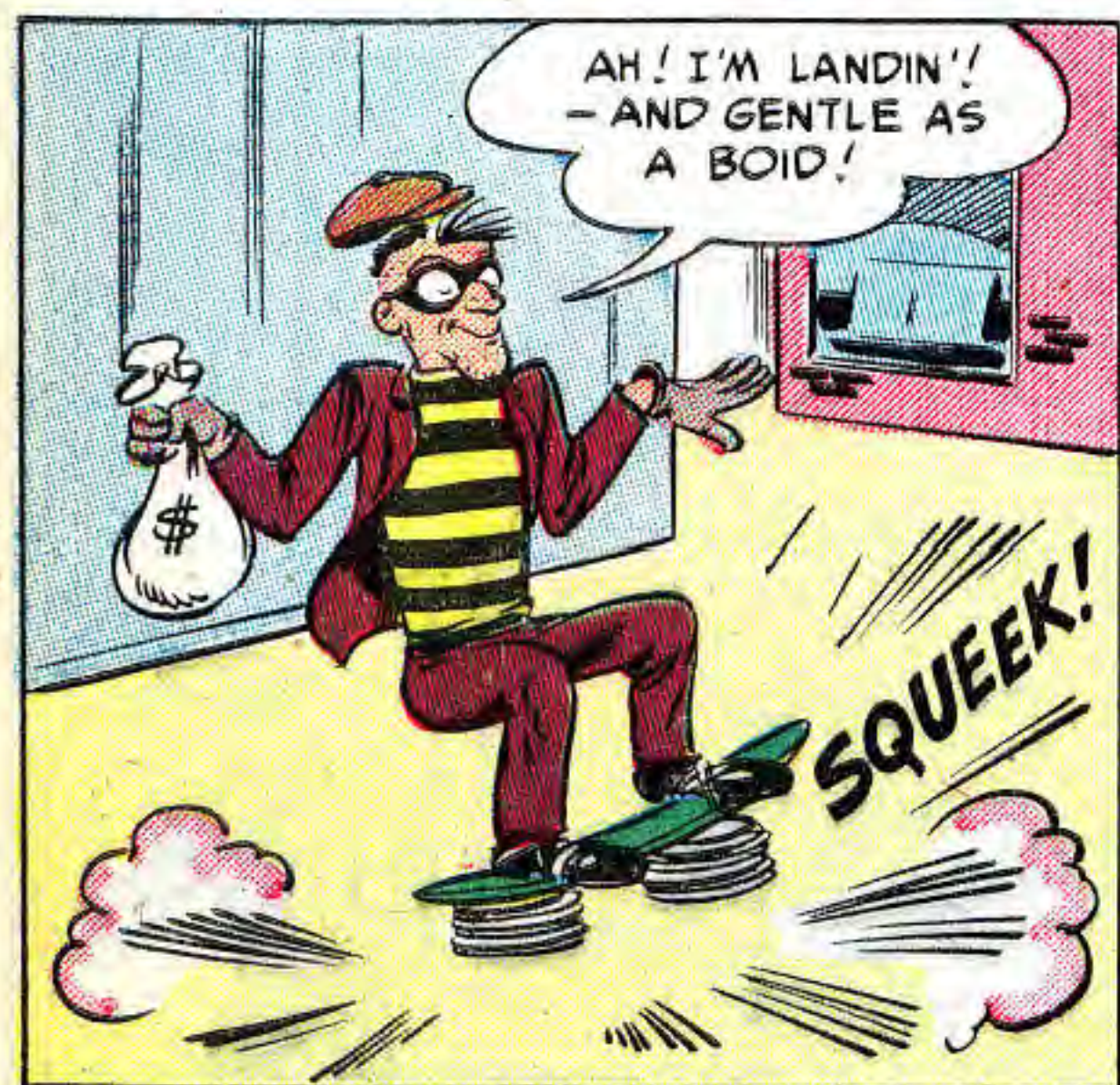


THIS IS YOUR **LAST CHANCE**,  
SLIPPERY! WE'RE GOING TO  
COUNT TO THREE, AND  
THEN **OPEN FIRE!!**

**FIRE  
AWAY,**  
BOYS! DERE  
WON'T BE  
ANYTHING IN  
THERE FOR YOU  
TO HIT!

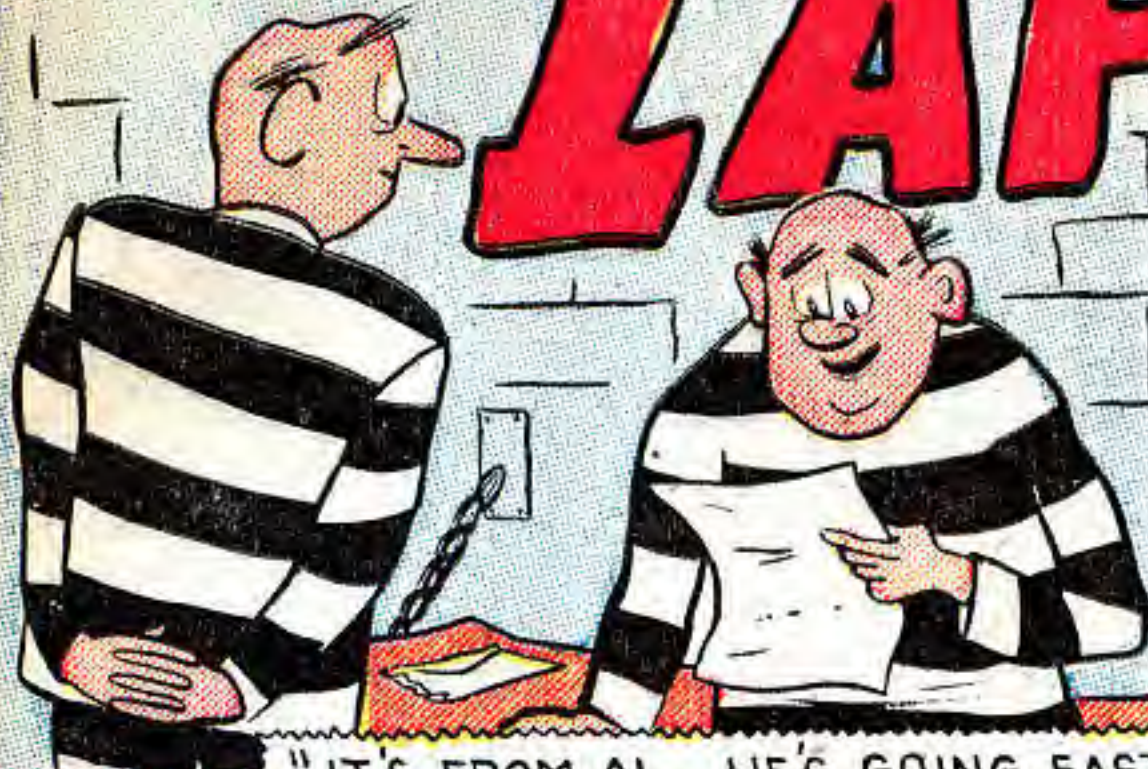




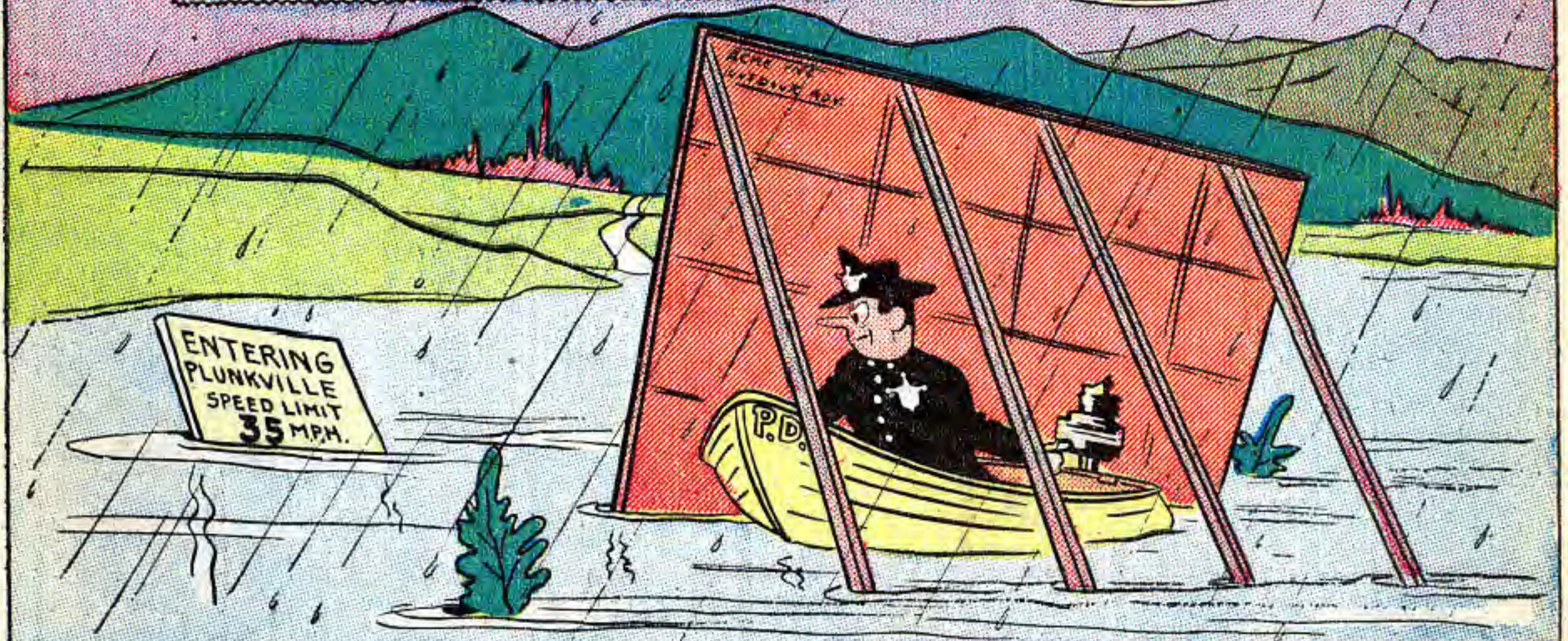
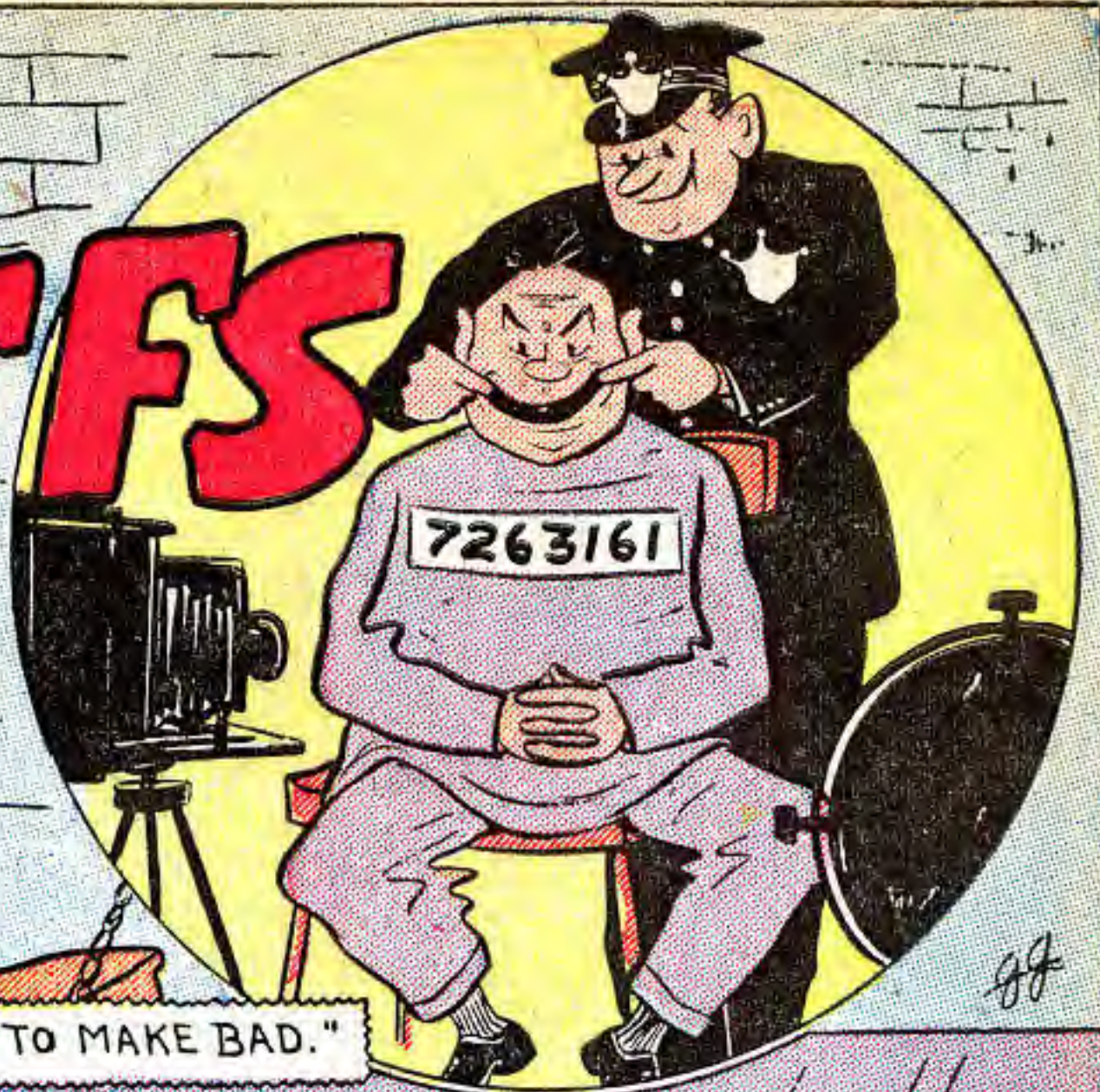




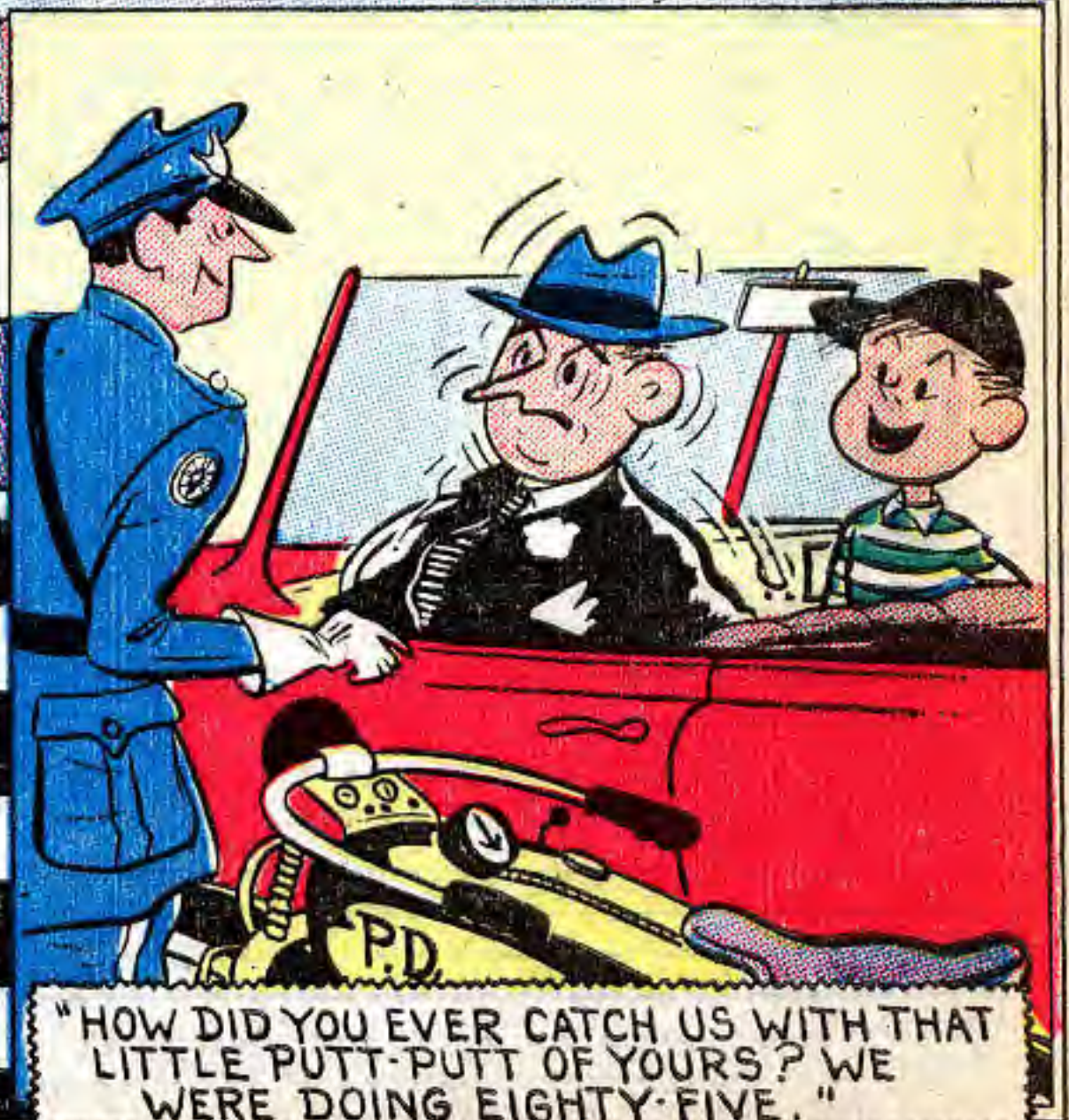
# LAW LAFFS



"IT'S FROM AL, HE'S GOING EAST TO MAKE BAD."



"YOUR MOLL SENT IT. DID YOU ASK FOR A STEEL FILE?"



"HOW DID YOU EVER CATCH US WITH THAT LITTLE PUTT-PUTT OF YOURS? WE WERE DOING EIGHTY-FIVE."



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for successful men  
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"Big Boss" Looks  
Thrills the Ladies  
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**Royal Peacock Glamour Ring**  
15 Rhinestones!  
Rainbow Colors!  
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Color Stone  
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Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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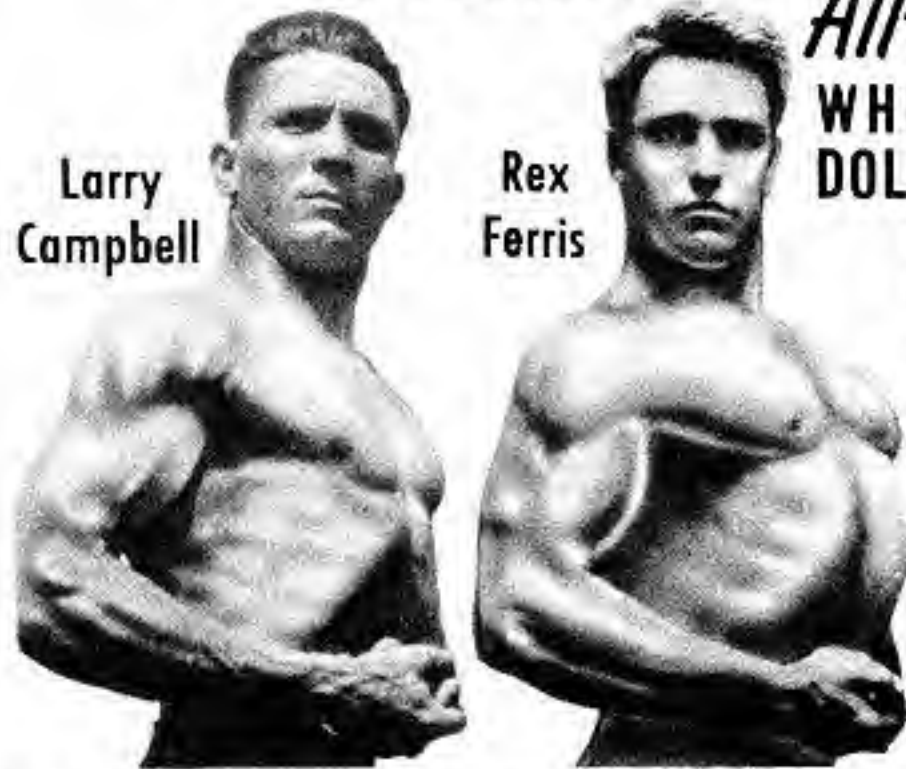
SEND STRIP OF PAPER TO SHOW RING SIZE

**DON'T SEND 1 PENNY!**

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Larry Campbell

Rex Ferris

WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

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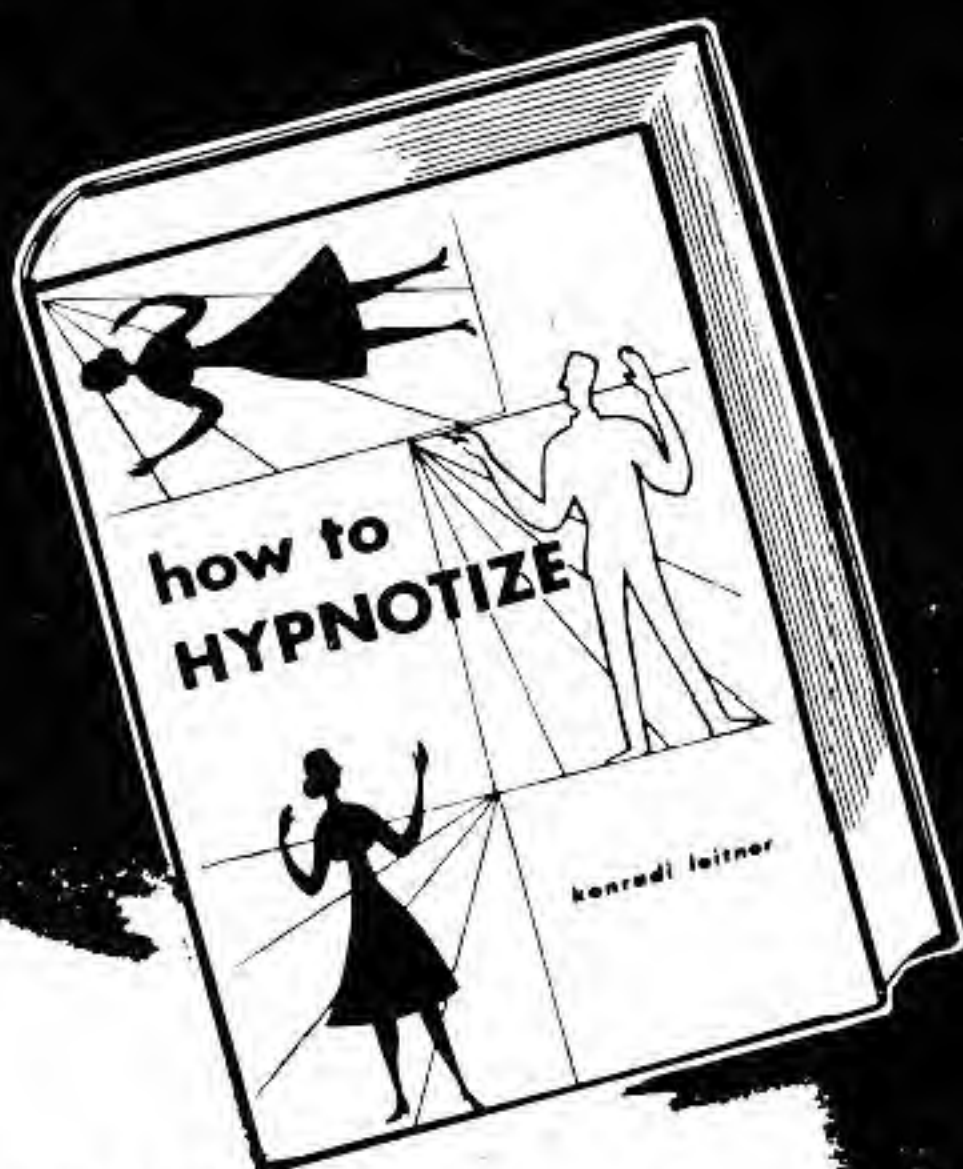
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